

THE
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
 OR,
MONTHLY MUSEUM
 OF
KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VI.]—For JUNE, 1792.—[Vol. IV.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Gleaner*, No. 5. arrived at the office, when the Magazine was nearly closed for this month. It shall be honoured with due attention in July.

The Author of the description of Newgate Prison, will pardon our omission of a plate, as he confesses that his plan is rather inaccurate. Total silence, on the seats of some criminals, we deemed most prudent.

Essay on Loquacity, is received, and claims a place next month.

Dacinctus will oblige us by future correspondence.

Essay on the Causes and Effects of Indigence, was promptly noticed.

The *Foresters*—A continuance of judicious extracts may gratify many.

TO POETICAL FRIENDS.

Elegy on Pity—The product of a feeling mind.

Stanzas to the Philanthropick Society—Much sentiment in small compass.

Little Peter—The world affords a wide scope for satirical powers.

Verbes to a Lady—Suppressed by an order from Apollo.

Independence, an Ode—*Stanzas to Captain Sir Samuel Hood, of the British Navy*

—*Translation from Horace*—*Paraphrase from Ossian*—and many other original pieces, are in reserve.

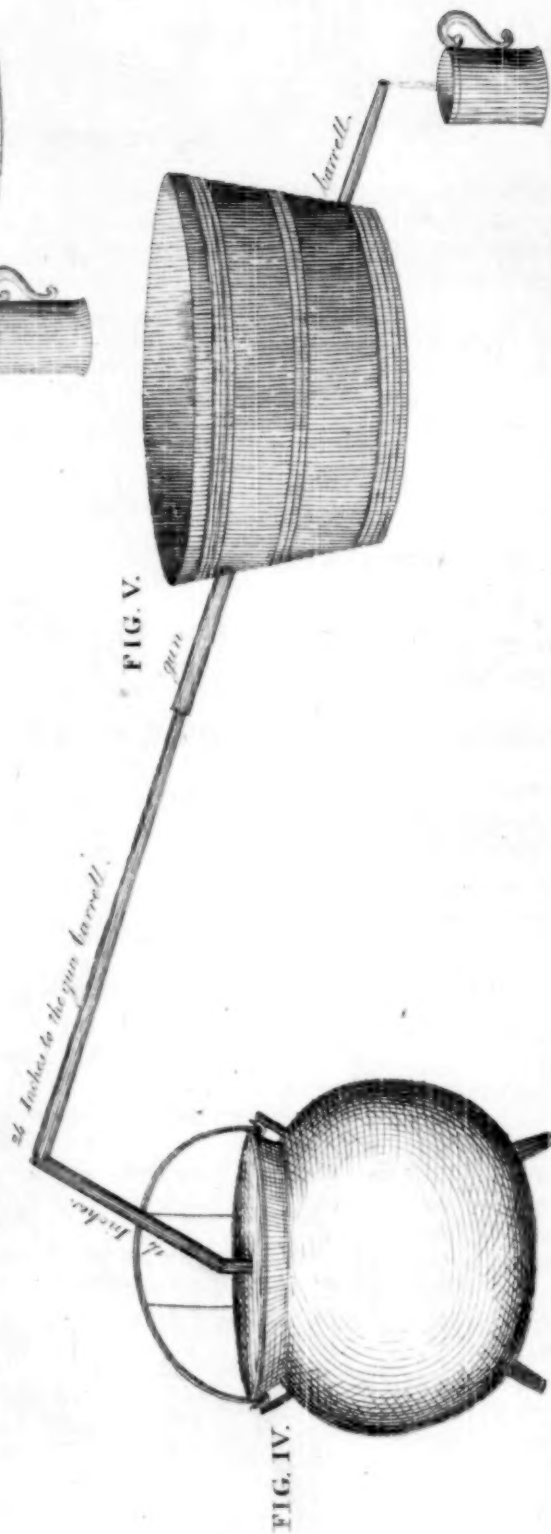
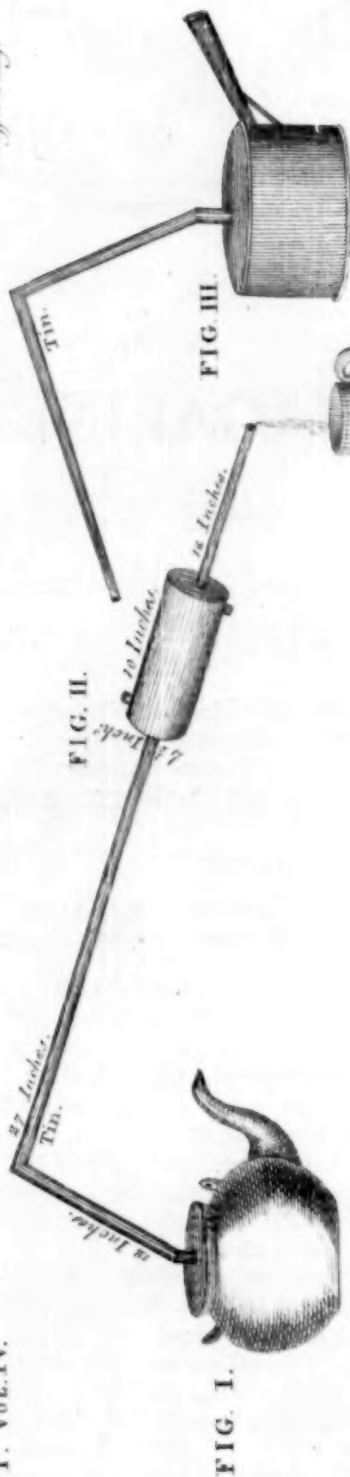
✍ Correspondents of every description would oblige us, by transmitting their compositions early in the month.

The commercial, civil, and religious prospects, that open on the world, from the total abolition of African slavery, might furnish a noble theme for some masterly pen.—Surely the Harvardian powers are equal to the task.

ERRATA—In our last, 1st col. 301 page, 16th line, from the top, for *inflagating*, read *mitigating*. 26th line, same page, for *amiable* read *amicable*.

Current Prices of PUBLIC SECURITIES.

	f. d.
Funded Six per Cents,	21 9
Do. Three do.	12 10
Do. Deferred Six per Cents,	13 4
Final Settlements,	21
Interest Indents, - - -	12 6
Army Certificates, - - -	16 6
Consolidated State Notes, - -	14 4
Loan Office Certificates, - -	21
Specie Orders, Tax No. 5. - -	18
No. 1, 2, and 3 Orders, - - -	18
New Emission Money, - - -	13 4



Capt. J. F. Williams's apparatus for extracting fresh water from salt.



T H E

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

For J U N E, 1792.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.
GENTLEMEN,

Your giving place in the Massachusetts Magazine to the following communications, and prefixing the explanatory Plate, may be of publick utility, and will oblige
The MARINE SOCIETY.

At a Meeting of the Boston Marine Society, held at Boston, the first day of May, 1792.

Capt. MUNGO MACKAY, President.

JOHN FOSTER WILLIAMS, Esq. commander of the revenue cutter, the Massachusetts, and one of the members of the society, communicated fundry experiments made by him for the purpose of extracting fresh water from salt, while on a late cruize, accompanied with a plan of the apparatus made use of on the occasion, and the different waters thus extracted, which were found to be pure and highly approved of.

Whereupon it was voted, That the thanks of the society be given to John Foster Williams, Esq. for his communications, and that the same be printed in the Massachusetts Magazine, for the advantage of our seafaring brethren.

A true copy of record,
JNO. MOLINEUX, Sec'y.

To the President and Members of the Marine Society.

I INCLOSE you the result of several experiments for the purpose of

extracting fresh water from salt, made by me during a late cruize in the revenue cutter. You will observe that the apparatus made use of, are such as are generally on board vessels at sea. I have also sent you samples of the waters thus extracted, which I hope will not only meet the approbation of the society, but prove of advantage to our seafaring brethren in general, who may be so unfortunate as to be short for water when at sea. I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,
JOHN FOSTER WILLIAMS.
Boston, May 1st. 1792.

EXPERIMENTS

To distil fresh water from salt.

March 6, 1792.

I PUT 4 quarts of salt water in a tin saucepan, in the stove in the cabin; in 55 minutes I got from it near 2 quarts of good fresh water; one quart of water left in the saucepan, the rest was lost. The machine made use of, was a tin

tin crane, with a barrel or cooler made to it of the same, containing about 3 quarts, with a hole in the top and bottom to put the cold water in—I let it out occasionally as it heats—I found that the barrel was not large enough to keep the tube cold. I then put 5 gallons of salt water in an iron pot, made the pot lid tight by putting some old canvas round it—made a hole in the middle with a hollow plug to receive the crane—I got from it 2 quarts of good fresh water in one hour and a half; but finding that my cooler was not large enough to keep the crane cool, I left off for that time.

April 11—put in an iron pot 27 quarts salt water, and got from it of good fresh water, - - 22 quarts,

Left in the pot - - 1 do.

Lost in 7 hours - - 4 do.

27

The machine made use of here, is as follows, viz.—I took a hand pump, sawed it angleways, and when put together, formed a crane, a gun barrel ran through a half barrel tub of water, with the end of it fixed to the crane—the pot lid fixed with old canvas tacked round it, and made to fit very tight, and secured down to prevent its rising, and shifted the water in the tub occasionally as it grew warm—the cooler it is kept the better it will run.

April 21—made a wooden tube, to use in the room of the gun barrel through the tub of water. I put one quart of beans in the pot with 12 quarts of salt water—in about one hour I got from it one quart of fresh water—it tasted very little of the beans, but I found that the wood did not answer so well as the gun barrel, it being so thick that the cold water had not power over it to keep it cool.

April 23—I cast a leaden tube, and

put it through the tub, put in the pot twenty quarts of salt water—got from it in four hours 9 quarts of good fresh water. The pot was dry, and about a pint of the last running had a disagreeable taste. I took out of the pot a pint of dry salt. I found the lead was so thick that I could not keep it cool, which was the occasion of my not getting more fresh water, as it went off in steam. I believe if the lead was made very thin it would answer well.

April 24—put in the pot 11 or 12 pounds salt beef, and 16 quarts of salt water, and in one hour and a quarter, I got five quarts of good fresh water—it had a little taste of the beef: and a very small appearance of grease on the top, which by filtering through a linen cloth took it all off. With the above I made use of the gun barrel, and find that in cooling anything at sea, a considerable of fresh water may be saved without expending any more wood than would answer to boil the meat, by having a hole through the pot lid with a plug to it, to supply the water in the pot occasionally as it boils away. With the iron tea kettle that holds when full five quarts, I put in it 4 quarts salt water, fixed a wooden lid that was tight, made a hole through it to receive the crane, stopt the nose, and with my tin crane at the cabin stove I got from it in one hour and a half five pints of good fresh water—near 3 pints of water left in the kettle.

JOHN FOSTER WILLIAMS.

Explanation of the Plate.

Fig. 1—An iron tea kettle, containing 5 quarts.—Fig. 2. A tin barrel, for a cooler.—Fig. 3. A tin sauce pan, containing 6 quarts.—Fig. 4. An iron pot containing 32 quarts.—Fig. 5. A tub for a cooler,

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GENERAL OBSERVER. No. XXXI.

"I HAD rather crow in the valley than weep on the hill," said my worthy friend Rusticus. But Rusticus is an exception from the multitude, who flock to the hill, with determinations to climb it if possible. But it is not possible, that all should

mount the grades of distinction, because their level would accompany them, and none would be left to look down upon. But the multitude on their way to distinction, do not act collectively, and adopt measures in concert, but each is a friend to himself,

self, and pushes his rout with as much secrecy and expedition as possible.—For he intends ascending alone, and when up, hawling the ladder after him, that none may follow. But suppose his purposes accomplished—and in a manner more favourable than the pencil of his slighty imagination had ever painted. Suppose him seated on the pinnacle, with a cushion, the softest that could be wrought from the confidence and favour of the people—Is his happiness complete? too secure to be shaken? Is he above the reach of injury? Or, may not the falcon, eagle, perch still above him, and haunt the devoted quarry—If intrigue and injustice were his ladder to eminence, peace and contentment, we must be certain, were not his companions in the ascent. Permanent happiness cannot dwell with one acting from motives corrupt and selfish. The mere splendour and pomp of situation can produce nothing more solid than the exhalation arising from the fomentation of pride. If he obtains his situation by means dishonourable, it is the operation of a bad heart. That heart will not change from vice to goodness, as he changes, from pursuit to the possession of his object. No—the man, who can stoop to baseness to obtain power, will be without benevolence and integrity in its exercise.

The loss of popularity will be fast on the heels of such abuse—and the mitred head will be splendid only in misery. Is not prosperity in private life, a feast more palatable, than adversity in publick? Who would exchange health, innocence and happiness in a cottage, for guilt and wretchedness in a palace! It is really better to crow

in the valley, than weep on the hill. Honour and splendour is not the sole habitation of happiness. A crown can be no barrier against pain. The head that wears it may be shaken with disease, or crazed with care. The errors of the head and the heart, may form wicked combinations to tumble the king from his throne, and let him down from popular applause, to popular fury. The situation of the eminent, if we take into view its danger, and that this danger increases with the height, and that the injury from a fall will be in the same proportion, can scarcely be enviable. The chair of magistracy, however, must be filled; and if a faithful and honourable discharge of duty be the motives for seating one's self, no terrors, held up by possible or probable consequences, should shake his purpose. For in calamities of whatever nature, in the purity of his motives he would find consolation. It would be oil to his wounds, and a pillow to his head. Such an one, entering the place with such a motive, cannot be said to weep on the hill. A manly and noble spirit would support itself from the vigour of an honest mind. But if the publick good does not call us to publick places, we should allow ourselves to suffer no mortification from the deprivation. If we crowd in, where not wanted, most probable, mortification and many unhappinesses will crowd in with us, and we shall be left to weep on the hill. In private life, with good heads, and good hearts, we have many things to enjoy. Happiness and even honour may be carried into retirement with us, where we may be emphatically said to crow in the valley.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FREEDOM for one POOR SLAVE.

ON the 28th of last April, I was at an island in the Westindies; which I had visited for the benefit of my health. Taking a walk as usual round the place, I observed a boat full of Africans, bound hand and foot, whom the Captain of a Guineaman, (which sailed out of this state) had brought to sell.

Always possessing in myself the

highest feelings of humanity—judge, then, what must have been my feelings on this occasion: Words cannot paint them: And I leave them to those to judge of, who have equal sentiments of humanity.

Several planters were at the purchase, and they were all quick sold off, excepting one—who seemed to be almost dead with sickness and grief—and consequently

consequently the captain tried in vain to dispose of him. When he thus saw that he could not sell him, in his present condition, he broke out in violent exclamations, of a passionate nature. The Negro, hearing him speak so angrily, supposed the Captain was going to kill him: He immediately fell upon his knees, then looking at me stedfastly, he issued a torrent of tears, and clasping his hands raised them towards the sun, and muttering over some of his native language, fell back, upon the seat of the boat, breathless.

This was too much for me to bear—my feelings were past description. The saying of the poet, immediately

rushed on my agonized mind—“*We ought to feel for other's woes.*” Stepping up to the Captain, I demanded the price of him—He offered him for the small sum of 20 dollars. I purchased the African, and at the same time told the Captain, I thought the negro of the most value, and that my intention in purchasing him was to restore him from his cruel treatment, to his former health and liberty. And I have the satisfaction to add, that the African is now in perfect health, and will soon pursue his voyage back to his native country.

LIBERTIUS.

ALEXANDER'S TRIUMPH: A MORAL TALE.

GREECE and the East, at their conquerors' feet, enjoyed the calm of profound peace. Alexander seemingly contented amidst this tranquillity of the world, devoted unrereservedly his heart to his appetites for pleasure. Banquets and all the sports of festive joys within the walls of Ecabatana, filled up his time, and varied his delights. Statira, Thais, and Roxana by turns shared and accumulated his desires: But from the banks of the Hydaspes, a more charming object introduced at his court, was soon likely to fix his love. Alexander at first sight was entirely devoted to Campaspa; and what other beauty could deserve his complaisance and respect: the hand of nature, and the work of art, had never formed so perfect a model. So soon as with admiring eyes he had surveyed her over, he ordered Apelles to be sent for: “from thy art I require a new master piece, of mortals,” said he, “come and paint the most beautiful: she is a subject worthy thy pencil, go and prepare thy colours and canvas; from her bed I will have her conducted before us, that thy eyes may see her without garb and without veil; all her features are charming, thou must paint them all—but I fear for thy heart the power of her charms.” “Ah! my good lord, banish thy apprehensions; heretofore enamoured of an Indian slave, I just touched the moment, replied Apelles,

of beginning to deem myself happy. The fierce Scythian having extended his arms beyond the banks of the Hydaspes, severed us, and it may be, forever: But nothing for the future can deface her from my heart, nor keep my tears from flowing.”

He spoke, departed, and returned. The radiant lustre of the sun illumed the saloon where Campaspa, blushing like the morn, had entered; and the sparkling splendour of its azure canopy seemed to invite forward every eye to the spectacle. “Contemplate,” said the king, “what I present to thy sight, admire, paint, and do not flatter.”

With downcast eyes, Campaspa naked, blushes again, turns aside her head, nor dare the step forward. On her bosom she holds one hand extended; and the other stealing down, covers other charms: “Ah! what see I?” cries Apelles, “ye gods! I am not mistaken, it is herself.”—His languishing looks wander long about her; run from his rival to consult his eyes: he sees pleasure in them; he trembles; he sighs. Transports of the most tender love, joy, and sorrow, agitate him by turns. He groans, he adores, he detests, he desires. She, raising her eyes, knows her lover, fetches a cry, sighs, retires, looks fondly on Apelles, sees her danger, and dissembles. These sighs of an inflamed heart, these cries are heard.

Apelles

Apelles perceived that he is loved.

—"Ahl" said he, "then is my rival even in the lap of pleasure, less happy than I am, being less beloved."

Campaspa, placed opposite Apelles, would fain shew herself to the eyes only of her lover; but Alexander is near her, and wants to see her every moment in a new attitude. On the most secret charms he often glances an uneasy eye. But the canvas is stretched out, the pencils are ready, and in spite of his inward regret, the painter has begun to strike the outlines of the features.

"To my misfortune," says he, "I likewise add myself; I am going to prepare pleasures for my rival; I am going to multiply the object of his desires. In sight at all times, will he have what I love; and I ever, constrained by cruel respect, shall hide from her, both my tears and despair. More affectionate than prudent, each instant does he direct his eager eye on the object, seldom on the work; and a thousand times his arm towards the canvas stretched, stops short and holds in the air the pencil suspended.

Alexander, standing close by her with wistful eyes, is scarce able to hold command over the irritation of his senses: He impresses kisses on a bosom and beauties which Campaspa, trembling, would be glad, yet dares not to defend. She, however, in the silence of her heart, invokes all the Gods against any further attempt of

an imperious master, casting at the same time on her lover the most tender of looks; but seeing him grow pale and turn from her his eyes, forthwith like a dart she flies into his arms.—Both bathed in tears, fall at the king's feet: "This is that beautiful slave, to whom, on the confines of India, I pledged my troth." Not one word more did Apelles speak to his rival. Campaspa would fain speak; fear and sobs shut up the passage of her enfeebled voice. With faces bent toward the hero's feet, by tremulous hands they embrace his knees; in his eyes they read his jealous rage; in their blood, perhaps, it will be allayed. They fill up with love those moments of terror, and bestow at least on each other the remainder of life; they stretch to one another the arms which fear has frozen, and at length become closed in a mutual embrace.

Alexander, now long a motionless spectator, suffers his looks to dwell upon them; he seems to meditate on the distressed situation, and to restrain his resentment from breaking out. But his brow suddenly becoming more calm, he bends forward to, and holding out to them his hand: "I have conquered all," said he, "and shall I not conquer myself. By robbing thee of her, O Apelles! my enjoyment would be dull; the image of thy tears would follow me into her arms; and Campaspa in mine, would bewail the man she loves."

AMYNTAS : A PASTORAL FRAGMENT.

AS poor Amyntas was returning one morning from the neighbouring forest with his hatchet in his hand, and a bundle of poles on his shoulder, he beheld a young oak planted by the side of a rapid stream. The violence of the current had washed the earth from its roots, and the dry trunk seemed to wait a speedy and melancholy downfall. "What a pity is it, said he, this young tree should fall a prey to the waters! No, it shall not be torn away by the roots, and made the sport of the impetuous torrent." Then taking the poles from his shoulders he drove them into the

ground, making a hollow fence round the bottom of the tree, which he filled up with moist earth. Thus having secured the roots of the oak, he threw his hatchet over his shoulder, and enjoyed the satisfaction of surveying his labour, under the shadow of the drooping tree he had saved. He was about to return to the forests, to cut a fresh bundle of poles, when the dryad of the oak, speaking in an hollow but enchanting voice, from the trunk of the tree, addressed him thus:

"What shall I do for thee, young shepherd, in return for this benevolent act? I know thou art poor, and
hast

hast only five ewes in the world.—What dost thou wish for? speak, and it is thine.”

“O nymph, replied the poor shepherd, if thou permittest me to name my wish, it is, that my neighbour Palemmon, who has been sick ever since harvest, may be restored to health.”

His request was granted. Palemmon recovered; and Amyntas also experienced the protection of the divinity: His flock was increased, his fruits, and his trees. He became a rich shepherd—a bright example, that the Gods leave not *Benevolence* unrewarded.

The INCONSTANCY of our DESIRES.

[By Miss ATKIN.]

AS most of the unhappiness in the world arises rather from disappointed desires than from positive evil, it is of the utmost consequence to attain just notions of the laws and order of the universe, that we may not vex ourselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless and unreasonable discontent. The laws of natural philosophy, indeed, are tolerably understood and attended to; and though we may suffer inconveniences, we are seldom disappointed in consequence of them. No man expects to preserve oranges through an English winter, or when he has planted an acorn to see it become a large oak in a few months. The mind of man naturally yields to necessity; and our wishes soon subside, when we see the impossibility of their being gratified. Now, upon an accurate inspection, we shall find in the moral government of the world, and the order of the intellectual system, laws as determinate, fixed, and invariable, as any in Newton's Principia. The progress of vegetation is not more certain than the growth of habit; nor is the power of attraction more clearly proved, than the force of affection or the influence of example. The man there-

fore who has well studied the operations of nature in mind as well as matter, will acquire a certain moderation and equity in his claims upon Providence. He never will be disappointed either in himself or others.—He will act with precision, and expect that effect, and that alone, from his efforts, which they are naturally adapted to produce. For want of this, men of merit and integrity often censure the dispositions of Providence for suffering characters they despise to run away with advantages which, they yet know, are purchased by such means as a high and noble spirit could never submit to. If you refuse to pay the price, why expect the purchase? We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, chuse, reject; but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase.

LEGISLATION: AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

A LAWGIVER in an oriental country, perceiving evident marks of rapid declension, was anxious to restore the state to its pristine splendour. With this view he enacted a multiplicity of laws. In the mean time he was taken ill. A physician prescribed a variety of remedies at once; “Why such a great quantity?” said the sick

minister.—“The more speedy to restore you to health”—But among such a variety of remedies some may counteract the effect of the others.”—“True; I beg pardon; I believe I am wrong; but I was desirous to treat your distemper as you have treated the disorders of the state.”

NOTES

NOTES on the OLIVE TREE.

[By the Hon. Mr. JEFFERSON.]

THE olive is a tree the least known in America, and yet most worthy of being known. Of all the gifts of Heaven to man, it is next to the most precious, if it be not the most precious. Perhaps it may claim a preference even to bread, because there is such an infinitude of vegetables, which it renders a profitable and comfortable nourishment. In passing the Alps at the Col. de Tende, where they are mere masses of rock, wherever there happens to be a little soil, there are a number of olive trees, and a village supported by them. Take away these trees and the same ground in corn would not support a single family. A pound of oil, which can be bought for 3d. or 4d. sterling, is equivalent to many pounds of flesh by the quantity of vegetables it will prepare and render fit and comfortable food. Without this tree the county of Provence, and territory of Genoa, would not support one half, perhaps not one third, of their present inhabitants. The nature of the soil is of little consequence, if it be dry. The trees are planted from 15 to 20 feet apart, and when tolerably good, will yield 15 or 20 pounds of oil yearly, one

with another. There are trees which yield much more. They begin to render good crops at 20 years old, and last until killed by cold, which happens at some time or another, even in their best positions in France; but they put out again from their roots. In Italy, I am told, they have trees 200 years old. They afford an easy, but constant employment throughout the year, and require to little nourishment, that if the soil be fit for any other production, it may be cultivated among the olive trees without injuring them.

“Wherever the orange will stand at all, the olive will stand well, being a hardier tree. Notwithstanding the great quantity of oil made in France, they have not enough for their own consumption, and therefore import from other countries. This is an article the consumption of which will always keep pace with its production; raise it and it begets its own demand. Little is carried to America, because Europe has it not to spare—we therefore have not learnt the use of it; but cover the southern States with it, and every man will become a consumer of it, within whose reach it can be bought in point of price.”

MATERNAL AFFECTION, in a SAVAGE ANIMAL.

WHILE the Carcass was locked in the ice, early one morning the man at the mast head gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the frozen ocean, and were directing their course towards the ship. They had, no doubt, been invited by the scent of some blubber of a sea horte the crew had killed a few days before, which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea horte that remained unconsumed, and eat it voraciously. The crew from

the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea horse, which they had still left upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and, dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself.—As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their musquets at the cubs, and shot them both dead, and, in her retreat, they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast in the dying moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay,

Vol. IV. June, 1792. B 12

the

she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before; tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them; and, when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up: All this while, it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and, when she had got at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second

time as before; and, having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning.— But still, her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one, and round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled a curse upon the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musquet balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

POVERTY of the LEARNED.

[From "CURIOSITIES of LITERATURE," lately published.]

FORTUNE has rarely condescended to be the companion of Merit. Even in these enlightened times, men of letters have lived in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers.

Homer, poor and blind, resorted to the publick places, to recite his verses for a morsel of bread.

The facetious poet Plautus gained a livelihood by assisting a miller.

Xylander sold his Notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner.

Alde Manutius was so wretchedly poor, that the expense of removing his library from Venice to Rome made him insolvent.

To mention those who left nothing behind them to satisfy the undertaker, were an endless task.

Agrippa died in a workhouse; Cervantes is supposed to have died with hunger; Camoens was deprived of the necessaries of life, and is believed to have perished in the streets.

The great Tasso was reduced to such a dilemma, that he was obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to subsist through the week. He alludes to his distress in a pretty sonnet which he addresses to his cat, entreating her to assist him during the night with the lustre of her eyes—

"Non avendo candele per iscrivere i suoi versi!"

having no candle by which he could see to write his verses.

The illustrious Cardinal Bentivoglio, the ornament of Italy and of literature, languished, in his old age, in the most distressful poverty; and having sold his palace to satisfy his creditors, left nothing behind him but his reputation.

Le Sage resided in a little cottage on the borders of Paris, and supplied the world with their most agreeable Romances; while he never knew what it was to possess any moderate degree of comfort in pecuniary matters.

De Ryer, a celebrated French Poet, was constrained to labour with rapidity, and to live in the cottage of an obscure villager. His bookseller bought his Heroick Verses for one hundred sols the hundred lines, and the smaller ones for fifty sols.

Dryden for less than three hundred pounds sold Tonson ten thousand verses, as may be seen by the agreement which has been published.

Purchas, who, in the reign of our first James, had spent his life in travels and study to form his *Relation of the World*; when he gave it to the publick, for the reward of his labours, was thrown into prison at the suit of his printer. Yet this was the book which, he informs us in his Dedication to Charles the First, his father read every night with great profit and satisfaction.

Savage,

Savage, in the pressing hour of distress, sold that eccentric poem, *The Wanderer*, which had occupied him several years, for ten pounds.

Even the great Milton, as every one knows, sold his immortal work for ten pounds to a bookseller, being too poor to undertake the printing it on his own account. And Otway, a dramatick poet in the first class, is known to have perished with hunger.

Samuel Boyce, whose poem on *Deity* ranks high in the scale of poetick excellence, was absolutely famished to

death; and was found dead, in a garret, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, and fastened by a skewer, with a pen in his hand.

Chatterton, while he supplied a number of monthly magazines with their chief materials, found "a penny tart a luxury." And a luxury it was, to him who could not always get bread to his water.

In a book entitled, *De Infortunio Litteratorum*, may be found many other examples of the miseries of literary men.

THOUGHTS ON THE FOUNDERING OF SHIPS.

IN reading Dr. Franklin's letters, I found he had treated very ingeniously on this subject: But, I think he did not give as full directions, as, perhaps, he would have done, had he been particularly treating on that subject alone; therefore, I have thought it not amiss to add some thoughts of my own to those of Dr. Franklin, and offer them to the publick. Let us first consider the principle, on which the ship floats on the water, which is simply this, that air is lighter than water. Thus if you fill any vessel, such as a cask, full of air, and make it tight, it will float on the top of the water, and carry with it a weight exactly equal to the difference of the weight of air in the cask, and the same cask full of water, deducting for the weight of the cask itself. Thus a ship will carry just as much weight as the difference between the weight of the air contained in said ship below the surface of the water, and the weight of so much water, deducting the weight of the ship and ballast. A captain who perceives his ship at sea spring a leak, in a desperate manner, so as to gain fast on his pumps, should, in the first place, start all his casks full of any liquid, that he can get at in the lower tiers, and as fast as they can empty, or the water increases so that they will empty no more, stop them tight again, and throw overboard only such things as will of themselves sink, carefully retaining every thing that will float on the water, for they may at last save the ship. If the case still seem

desperate, empty every cask that can be made tight, and put them in the hold, and contrive to force them under water, and keep them there by props from the deck: This will still lessen the pressure, and the water will come in slower, as it rises higher in the hold, and covers more of the empty casks. Every wooden thing that can any way be spared, must be put in the hold, and forced under water, by props, not by weights, for this would destroy the effect. Even in case of great extremity, cut down the masts, and cut them very small, with every thing above, and force them into the hold, cabin, and scuttles, or any where, so that they can be kept under water. The salt provisions, water, &c. that will be necessary to be kept for use, should be first of all brought upon deck, and last of all be put into the hold or any where else, so that they will be immersed in the water, and can be got at for use. I am of the opinion that few ships that put to sea, would sink, after every thing being done as above directed, although half their bottoms were beat out. Let not the mariner despair in such cases, at seeing the water gain very fast on his pumps—but consider, as the vessel fills, the pressure lessens, and the water comes in slower, and the pumps will discharge it much faster, as it will not be so far to hoist as at the beginning. This is certainly a subject worthy the attention of the wise and great, if we consider how much property and how many lives

are lost for want of such knowledge. If these hints should be the means of stirring a more able hand to take up

the subject, and to the saving of any, it will reward the writer.

B.

CLEANDER: A CHARACTER.

CLEANDER, in other respects a man of virtue and honour, had from his infancy accustomed himself to the unbounded indulgence of his tongue. Upon all occasions, he trod upon the very brink of decorum. A total stranger to the delicacy of friendship, which generously hides the faults it cannot correct, his ridicule was turned on the imperfections of his friends and his enemies, with indiscriminate severity. The splendour of distinguished virtue, which casts at a distance the reproaches of the world, and almost sanctifies the blemishes of an illustrious character, exempted no foibles from the scourge of Cleander; but rather quickened his acuteness to remark, and his asperity to expose them, as it furnished a display of his penetration, in discovering imperfections, where there appeared to the world nothing but unmingled excellence. It was indeed his chief delight to remark the shades of a brilliant character, and to portray with exactness the secret gradations of excellence, by which it fell short of perfection: Yet in Cleander this conduct by no means sprang from the envy of superiour worth, or the malignant desire of degrading every one to his own level. He possessed the magnanimity of a virtuous mind, and disdained to lessen his inferiority by any other means than that of honest emulation. It had its basis in a taste for ridicule, and the pride of wit. This deportment could not fail to issue in perplexity and distress. His

enemies considered him as a kind of beast of prey, a savage of the desert, whom they are authorised to wound by every weapon of offence, some by open defamation, and some by poisoned arrows in the dark. His friends began to look upon him with alienation and distrust, esteeming their characters too sacred to be suspended for the sport of an individual, on the breezy point of levity and wit. His appearance was a signal for general complaint, and he could scarcely enter into company, hoping to enjoy the unmingled pleasures of social converse, but he had innumerable jealousies to allay, and misunderstandings to set right. He was every where received with marks of disgust; met with resentment for which he could not account, and was every day obliquely insulted, for careless strokes of satire, of which he retained no recollection. Wherever he turned himself, he found his path was strewed with thorns; and that even they who admired his wit, secretly vilified his character, and shrunk from his acquaintance. His scars began to bleed on every side; his reputation was tarnished; his fairest prospects were blasted, and Cleander at length awakened from his delusion, convinced, when it was too late, of a lesson he had often been taught in vain, *That the attachments of friendship, and the tranquillity of life, are too valuable to be sacrificed to a blaze of momentary admiration!*

AN ACCOUNT OF THOMAS SILL.

[A remarkable large boy who came from Halifax county, Northcarolina, and was exhibited as a show in the city of Philadelphia, in the spring of 1787.]

THIS extraordinary boy was born on the 15th July, 1780. He was between six and seven years old, and weighed one hundred and forty five pounds, at the time of his exhibition. At four months old, he

weighed thirty two pounds, and at three years, one hundred and thirty pounds. He was four feet five inches in height; his breast was three feet two inches; his belly three feet four inches; his thigh was two feet; the calf

calf of his leg sixteen inches, and his arm thirteen inches in circumference. His father was of a moderate size, but his mother a little above it. He sucked his mother till he was fifteen months old. He had an intermittent fever at eighteen months old, for five weeks, after which his growth was more rapid than usual. His appetite was good, and he ate freely of animal food. He was of a ruddy complexion, healthy and handsome. His faculties were quick and equal to most boys of his age. His eyes and hair were dark, but his skin uncommonly fair. He was active and sprightly, though his manners were childish.—He slept moderately. His voice rather

coarse and manly. The circumstances of his birth, age, &c. were certified by the late Governour Caswell, and the Honourable Whitemill Hill, Esq. of Northcarolina.

It may not be amiss to add to this account of Thomas Sill, that there is but one instance upon public record of a larger child of nearly the same age, and that is related by Tulpins. He mentions a child that weighed one hundred and fifty pounds at five years old. The famous Mr. Bright, whose person and life are described by Dr. Coe, in the philosophical transactions, weighed only one hundred and forty four pounds at twelve years old.

The PARADISE of SCHEDAD: AN EASTERN TALE.

A LONG time before the prophet of true believers had enlightened the world, and the holy Alcoran had descended from the seventh heaven, Schedad reigned in Yemen, with absolute power, which he used without moderation. He was a voluptuous, an extravagant, and an impious tyrant: He was a monster rather than a man, and he had the ambition of being a god. If he had wished to be so only in his court, they say the courtiers of these times would have adored without scruple, himself, his monkey, and his parroquet: But Schedad was desirous that all his subjects should recognise his pretended divinity, and that they seriously and in good faith should believe in it.

To succeed in this project, he conceived a scheme, which to him appeared infallible. He made a circular wall, of prodigious height and extent, built in the most beautiful spot of Yemen. This wall was bordered on the inside with a forest of pine trees, which served as a belt or crown to the greatest and most magnificent garden one can possibly imagine. There were meadows adorned with all the flowers of the spring, and orchards which promised all the riches of autumn. There were rivulets which glided in silence over golden sands; or which rushing rapidly over a bed of pearls, mixed their murmurs with

the warbling of the birds. On one side, a person might admire himself in a small lake, where fish of all kind and colours were sporting: On the other, one might descend into a delicious valley, whose freshness is preserved by a sheet of water which tumbles from a rock. A little further on, one might walk among perfumed arbours always green, where the spikenard, the balm, and the aloes, grow at the foot of palm trees and cedars. Nature every where shows herself with all her charms; and the timid art which has unveiled her, hardly allows herself to be perceived.

In the center of this enchanted solitude, a round hill arises with a gentle slope; then growing flat at once, forms on the summit a vast esplanade. There Schedad constructed a superb palace, which he furnished with equal elegance and magnificence.

Here the pomp of luxury was found joined with the acquirements of effeminacy, and the immense apparatus of little conveniencies. And one might there find the artists of pleasure, cooks, musicians, dancers, buffoons, and even poets. Schedad thought little of these last; but what he prized above all the rest was a numerous swarm of young girls, whom he took care to scatter over the palace and the gardens.—They were beautiful as the heavenly *bouris*, some-
what

what less pure, but much more lively and brightly.

When every thing was ready for the execution of his design, Schedad was in haste to publish this strange edict, which was affixed on all the temples.

"Schedad, the god of Yemen, to our faithful adorers, sends health and happiness. As we intend to surpass in liberality all other gods, who only promise happiness after death, we make it known unto you, that we have created in the plain of Iram a paradise where you shall enjoy all the pleasures of this life. We shall admit into that place, at a convenient season, all those among you, who, neglecting every superfluous virtue, shall believe sincerely in us, and shall submit themselves without reserve to our divine will. We shall admit there at present, and without any further proof, our blessed servants, whose names are comprehended in the list annexed to this present edict.—O people of Yemen! encourage yourselves to follow the example they leave you, and merit the crown which they have obtained."

Should you wish to know who were these blessed servants of Schedad? Some of the most impudent flatterers; some ministers of his oppression and of his debaucheries; some despicable women who had yielded to his desires; some others more artful, who only promised to repair there, and these were best treated in this promotion. Scarcely was this edict published, when Schedad kept his word with the new saints. He conducted them with great solemnity to the palace of *Iram*, where he left them, desiring them to enjoy in peace the happiness he had prepared for them, which his frequent visits should render more perfect.—He himself in going out shut the gate of the sacred inclosure, with an order to the soldiers who guarded it without, to kill without mercy all the profane who should dare to approach it.

In the mean time, the blessed gave themselves up without reserve to the raptures into which the view alone of their new habitation had thrown them. For the first time in their life they

admired, nay almost loved, the tyrant of Yemen. They even believed, as if he had been present, that the author of so many delights could be only a god. But their faith was of no longer duration than their happiness, which was indeed extremely short. Pleasures varied in appearance, but which at bottom were eternally the same; pleasures easy to be procured, constant, and immoderate; soon became insipid employments or hateful drudgery. By being obliged to enjoy them, they had no longer relish for them; they perceived, on the other hand, that disgust and disquiet paid little respect to the paradise of Schedad, and that diseases without intermission paid still less. This was not all. The blessed had been a little acquainted in the world, and did not like each other; but on seeing one another nearer, they became better acquainted, and mutually detested each other. From that time, no more society, no more conversation. Shut up in their apartments, or dispersed over the terraces of the palace, they looked with sorrow on the delicious gardens which surrounded them: They only saw there the verdure of their prison. Their eyes were more willingly fixed on the red sea, and on a chain of mountains they perceived at a distance. What would they not have given to wander at liberty through these frightful rocks, or to sail on that sea, discredited by so many shipwrecks.

In this situation were the blessed when the god of Yemen honoured them with his first visit. He came to add the supreme good of his presence to the pleasures with which he believed them enchanted. But who can figure his surprise and indignation when he saw sorrow painted on every countenance: And when in place of hymns and songs, he heard only complaints and murmurs! he dissembled, however, and contained himself as much as possible: He joined caresses to reproaches; and by threatening and cajoling his saints, he made them promise that they would endeavour to accustom themselves to paradise, and to enjoy their good fortune with patience. But this extorted promise hardly

hardly removed his fears. He trusted more to an order he left with the guards of the outer wall; which was to put to death no longer the profane, but the saints themselves, if they attempted to scale the wall.

In spite of all these precautions, Schedad returned to his capital with the most lively inquietude, which was but too well founded. He no longer flattered himself; he saw that his paradise and his divinity would tumble together into such discredit as never more to raise themselves. To parry this fatal stroke, he had recourse to the only expedient which remained. He proclaimed, by a second edict, that seeing the ingratitude of his people, and their little eagerness to deserve paradise, he was about to create a hell, where unbelievers and impious persons should no longer mock

him. As it is more easy to torment men than to make them happy, the new project would probably have succeeded better than the other: But they did not leave Schedad time to execute it. That cruel extravagance alarmed people of all ranks, and exhausted their patience. The tyrant was dethroned; and they deliberated a long time on the punishment they should inflict. At last, they could think of none more proper than to shut him up in the garden of Iram with the vile wretches with whom he had peopled it, and to shut the gate of that internal paradise. There, torn with remorse, and overwhelmed with affronts, the god of Yemen ought to be convinced, that there is a supreme God, who confounds the projects of impiety; and who has only promised happiness to virtue.

THOUGHTS and MAXIMS.

[By the late M. DUCLOS, of the French Academy.]

IT is he who confers a benefit who gathers its most precious fruit.

The happiness or unhappiness of life depends more on little circumstances or interests of the heart, than on the events apparently of the greatest importance.

The most disagreeable situation for a worthy man, is to be unable to reconcile his heart and his conduct.

A lover cannot avoid feeling a little jealousy, when his mistress appears to have none of him.

How few reflect how much our virtue depends on our situation.

The height of happiness, beyond all doubt, is to enjoy in the same person the delights of love, and the pleasures of friendship; and to find in that same person an affectionate wife and a faithful friend; no other felicity comparable to this, can the present life afford: But—let us say no more.

Love is a blind emotion, which does not always suppose merit in its object; yet it is far more flattering to a handsome woman, to be beloved by a man of merit than to be adored by a fool.

Many women wish to appear lively because they think it gives them an air of youth and wit; but, vivacity,

which is not the result of these, only places folly in a more distinguished point of view.

An improper attachment begins by making a man ridiculous, and ends by rendering him contemptible.

The praises of lovers are at least as much to be suspected, as those in a funeral oration; though our hearts may be naturally pure and sincere, our good and bad qualities depend on our connexions.

The man who is too complaisant and complying in friendship, becomes a slave when in love.

When I wish to judge the character of a man, whom I have not time to study, I always enquire in the first place, whether he has preserved his earliest friends.

It is said that the dictionary of the opera does not contain more than six hundred words: that of the fashionable and dissipated world has not so many.

Cards are an amusement which idleness and ignorance have rendered necessary; they are only proper for those who neither know how to think or converse; but the necessity of being always speaking is as fatiguing as that of always playing. I hate those companies

360 *The Mastiff and the Lap Dog.—On Whitewashing.*

companies in which we are only allowed to utter *bon mots*.

The English have naturally a certain serious air, of which they cannot divest themselves even in their pleasures.

A woman who once loves loves

for life, unless a well founded jealousy compels her to relinquish the object of her affections.

Love, which is only the *amusement* of the French women, is the serious business and constant occupation of the Italian ladies.

The MASTIFF and the LAP DOG: An ORIENTAL FABLE.

BENANNA was the chief of a sect of dervises, and gloried in possessing the power of working miracles. One day, being in company with the favourite of the Khalif, and a grave officer who had rendered the state many essential services, the former said to him: If you really have the power of working miracles, let these two dogs converse together. I consent, replied the dervise: He then muttered some mysterious words, and the mastiff Kattour thus addressed the lapdog Zirzou.

Teach me thy secret to insinuate thyself into our mistress's favour; ever since I have been in her service, by all that's good, I have led the life of the wretchedest of dogs. I am all night long on the watch; and stand sentry all day loaded with chains. I do my duty with the utmost punctuality, and yet Roxana often passes by my box without ever so much as looking upon me; thou alone art regard-

ed and beloved: What then are thy mighty services I pray thee?

I, answered Zirzou, lie all night with my mistress, and I sleep with her till midday; when I get up I scold and tease her. I growl when I am caressed; sometimes I give my paw, and sometimes I refuse. I throw away the dainties offered me, and I mumble the pye which stands in my way. All this excites laughter; and there is my secret for you. Thou, my poor friend, art born to thy lot, and I to mine; thou art only useful, I am amusing; thou servest, I please.

When the little dog had done speaking, the favourite, turning to the grave officer, asked him, with a smile, what he thought of that discourse.

I think, answered the officer, with a sigh, that the little dog is perfectly right in what he says.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ANNUAL WHITEWASHINGS.

[In a letter to a Friend.]

MY wish is to give you some account of the people of these new States; but I am far from being qualified for the purpose, having as yet, seen little more than the cities of Newyork and Philadelphia. I have discovered but few national singularities among them. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have long been used to copy. For, previous to the revolution, the Americans were, from their infancy, taught to look up to the English as patterns of perfection in all things.—I have observed, however, one custom, which, for ought I know, is peculiar to this

country. An account of which will serve to fill up the remainder of this sheet, and may afford you some amusement.

When a young couple are about to enter on the marriage state, a never failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of *white washing*, with all its ceremonies, privileges and appurtenances. A young woman would forego the most advantageous connexion, and even disappoint the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign this invaluable right. You will wonder what this privilege of *white washing* is; I will endeavour

deavour to give you some idea of the ceremony as I have seen it performed.

"There is no season of the year in which the lady may not claim her privilege, if she pleases; but the beginning of June, is most generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge by certain prognosticks when the storm is nigh at hand. If the lady grows unusually fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the nastiness of every thing about her, these are signs which ought not to be neglected—yet they are not decisive; as they sometimes occur and go off again, without producing any further effect. But if when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheel barrow, with a parcel of lime in it, or should he see certain buckets with lime dissolved in water, there is then no time to be lost—he immediately locks up the closet or apartment where his papers or his private property are kept, and putting the keys in his pocket, betakes himself to flight.—For a husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage; his authority is superseded, his commission is suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen becomes of more consideration and importance than the master. He has nothing for it, but to abdicate and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

"The husband gone, the ceremony begins, the walls are in a few minutes stripped of their furniture; paintings, prints and looking glasses lay in huddled heaps about the floors, the curtains are torn from the testers, the beds crammed into the windows, chairs, tables, bedsteads and cradles crowd the yard, and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats and ragged breeches—Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass; for the foreground of the picture; gridirons and frying pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, spits and pots, jointstools, and the fractured remains of rush bottom chairs. There a closet has disgorged

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its bowels, rivetted plates and dishes, halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wine glasses, phials of forgotten physick, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, handstull of old corks, tops of teapots and stoppers of departed decanters; from the rag hole in the garret to the rat hole in the cellar, no place escapes unruddimaged! It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment. In this tempest the words of *Learn* naturally present, and might, with little alteration, be made strictly applicable:

"—Let the great Gods,

"That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,

"Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch,

"That hast within thee undivulged crimes

"Unwhipt of justice!—"

"—Close pent up guilt,

"Rise your concealing continents, and ask

"These dreadful summoners' grace."

"This ceremony compleated, and the house entirely evacuated, the next operation, is to smear the walls and ceilings of every room and closet with brushes, dipped in a solution of lime, called *white wash*; to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with rough brushes wet with soap suds and dipped in stone cutter's sand. The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out on the pent house at the risk of her neck, and with a mug in her hand and a bucket within reach, she dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes; to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

"I have been told, that an action at law was once brought against one of these water nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation; but, after a long argument, it was determined by the whole court, that the action would not lye, in as much as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences, and so the poor gentleman was doubly non suited, for he lost not only his suit of clothes, but his suit at law.

"These smearings and scratchings, washings,

washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture; you may have seen a house raising, or a ship launched, when all the hands within reach are collected together; recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleaning match; the misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things clean: It matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable articles are mutilated or suffer death under the operation; a mahogany chair and carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made clean at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention. For instance, a fine large engraving is laid flat on the floor, smaller prints are piled upon it until the superincumbent weight cracks the glasses of the lower tier; but this is of no consequence. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, until by the

whole force the corner of the table goes through the canvas of the first.—The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned, the spirit and oil used on this occasion are suffered to leak through and spoil the engraving, no matter, if the glass is clean and the frame shines, it is sufficient; the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able arithmetician has made a calculation founded on long experience, and discovered that the losses and destruction incident to two white washes are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

“The cleansing frolick over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance—The storm abates, and all would be well again; but it is impossible that so great a convulsion in so small a community should not produce some further effects. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore eyes or sore throats, occasioned by the caustick quality of the lime; or with severe colds from the exhalations of wet floors and damp walls.”

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF NEW GATE PRISON; in CONNECTICUT.

NEWGATE Prison is in the north part of Connecticut, about 12 miles nearly northwest from Hartford, in a town now called Granby, which was formerly the north part of Simsbury. The place was early occupied as a Copper Mine; and much labour was bestowed there to little profit.

Governour Winthrop and some other Gentlemen at Boston begun at the place where the Prison now is, 70 years ago. Soon after a Mr. Freneau of New York begun a little south of it, and found the best vein of ore. He carried his works under ground, as far northward, as the line of the Boston Company—they forbid his proceeding any further, and he thereupon dropped his works. The Boston Company dug several shafts, perpendicular like wells, only larger, in the rock, (for the place is all from a little below the

surface of the ground, a solid rock) by boring and blasting with powder; one was about 80 feet deep; the water then came in so fast that they could not draw it out by a windlass and large bucket, so as to work with convenience: This shaft was on the top of an hill, a small valley lying east of it, and a mountain east of that, the west of which was very steep, craggy and high, at the peak; the hill to the west has a quick, long and steep descent: They therefore dug a level, perhaps 30 or 40 rods, to let the water out from the shaft: The digging cost, 3000*l.* in that day, paper money, but not greatly depreciated. After this, as the vein of ore ran sloping downwards, perhaps an angle of 20 degrees, in a direction towards the mountain, they opened a large vault there, how large I cannot say, as it has ever since my remembrance, been full of water.—

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The shaft over which the prison house is built, is about six rods northwest of this vault, and about 30 feet deep. A sloping communication or subterranean passage is dug from the bottom of the one, to the bottom of the other. On the northeast side of this passage is a large vault, and a place called the sounding room, where a small noise makes a great rebounding echoing sound: On the southwest side of the said passage is a place through which a man may creep into a vault from another shaft. The Boston Company did a great deal of work at a place about a mile north, called the North Hill, and at another place, about half way between that and Newgate, called the Casteens.— They not only dug shafts as deep as they could pump out water, but, in one place, they plied 3 or 4 pumps successively, to free it from water, so that men could bore and blast.—The whole was a vast expense for a few gentlemen in the infancy of the country. They got good Copper Ore: But the cost of digging, spauling, stamping it to powder in mills built for that purpose, washing it clean from foreign mixture, and sending it to England to be refined, greatly exceeded the profits. They also lost 20 barrels of cleanted ore, either sunk in a boat in Connecticut River, or carried off fraudulently. After this they procured some men from Germany, who pretended to understand refining, but their furnace was not built right, and the Germans knew little of the business. They next built another furnace of cotton stone, by the direction of a Mr. Brough from England, who refined excellent Copper: But he was old and palsical, and if I do not misremember, died soon after. The Boston gentlemen, weary of the pursuit, then relinquished the work.

In the beginning of the late American war, the general assembly of Connecticut made this a prison for traitors and other notorious malefactors. They first built a small block or log house over the shaft of 30 feet deep; that shaft was descended and ascended by a ladder; round the top they fixed long hewn stones, and a large iron gate, which was poised up

and let down like a trap door; a prong of the gate went into a hole drilled into a large hewed stone in which a lock was fixed, which by a whirling key locked down the gate. In the sloping passage from this to the deep shaft, were cabbins made up with boards, where the prisoners lodged. There was afterwards a larger house built over this shaft, and it being on the side hill, the underpinning at the east end being a little higher than usual, left room for a prison room below the floor at the southwest corner, and another room at the northwest corner where this shaft was. The guard occupied the house above.

The deep shaft had been used as a well for many years, and the water was drawn up with a windlass with two buckets, one of which descended as the other ascended. The first prisoner sent there was a sprightly young man; Capt. Viets, the goater, thought it a sufficient security at night to lock the doors and take off his buckets, as the other avenues were stopped, particularly the level at each end, and the hole leading into the vault aforesaid, by long timbers put in and wedged tight together: Misery however excited compassion; in a short time the prisoner was drawn up the deep shaft in the night and escaped, leaving the rope on the windlass. The worst villains are generally the most daring and dexterous in effecting their escape from prisons. One time the prisoners sawed off the prong by which the gate was locked down, in the night, and stood concealed in the corners of the block house, and in the morning when Capt. Viets unlocked it, rushed out: Another time, a number of them were set to work in the mines, with an overseer, Purchas Capin by name; they told him they had found a better vein of ore; he went with them to see it; they led him some ways in the vault, then told him, if he would make no noise, but consent to be bound and lye there while they escaped, they would spare his life, otherwise he was a dead man. He submitted, they took the key from him, unlocked the trap door, flung it up, and called for Capt. Viets to unlock the block house: He, supposing

it was Capin who called, unlocked the door; the prisoners knocked him down and escaped.

The prison is a doleful, dark, dreary place indeed, but not a cold one: It never freezes there: 'Tis however very damp; yet a candle burns considerably bright.

The dread of being sentenced to Simsbury, has induced many persons in the time of the war, under bonds for trial, to forfeit their bonds. The number was sufficient to defray the expence of government with respect to Newgate.

The prison is now rebuilt, and much stronger than before: A large house is where the other was: The prison room is of large hewed stones dowed together with short round dowls of iron, and the chimney in like manner, the funnel not being large

enough for a man to ascend it; the floor over head has large timbers under it hewed and laid close together, and the under side plated with iron strongly spiked, to prevent the prisoners setting it on fire. There is a grate window of iron bars, the end of which goes into the hewn stones. A large brick shop is also built, in which the prisoners now work at nails, as at the Castle in Massachusetts. A guard is kept here. The prisoners are let down into their cabins at night, called up, one at a time, in the morning, took to their work, and fastened by chains. The whole is inclosed by pickets, or timbers framed and braced on the outside, the inside planked perpendicularly with planks ten or twelve feet high, and iron spikes set thick on the top.

B.

PATHETICK PETITION of ALMASSA ALI CAWN.

To the High and Mighty Servant of the most powerful Prince, George King of England, the lowly and humble slave of misery comes praying for mercy to the father of her children.

Most MIGHTY SIR,

MAY the blessings of thy God ever wait on thee. May the sun of glory shine round thy head; and may the gates of plenty, honour and happiness be always open unto thee and thine. May no sorrow distress thy days; may no grief disturb thy nights; may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasure of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of years make thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes round the last sleep of human existence, may the angels of thy God attend thy bed and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction.

O! hearken then to the voice of distress, and grant the petition of thy servant. Spare, O! spare the father of my children—my all that is dear. Consider, O! Mighty Sir, that he did not become rich by iniquity, and that what he possessed was the inheritance of a long line of flourishing ancestors, who in those smiling days,

when the thunder of Greatbritain was not heard on the fertile plains of Hindostan, reaped their harvests in quiet, and enjoyed their patrimony unmolested. Think, O! think, that the God whom thou worships, delights not in the blood of the innocent. Remember thy own commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," and obey the order of Heaven.

Give me back my *Almas Ali Cawn*, and take all our wealth. Strip us of our jewels and precious stones, of our gold and our silver, but take not away the life of my husband. Innocence is seated on his brow, and the milk of human kindness flows round his heart. Let us become the tillers and labourers in those delightful spots of which he once was lord and master; but spare, O mighty Sir! spare his life! let not the instrument of death be lifted up against him, for he hath committed no crime. Accept our treasures with gratitude. Thou hast them at present by force. We will remember thee in our prayers, and forget we ever were rich and powerful. My children

children, the children of Almas Ali, send up their petition for the life of him who gave them life. They beseech from thee, the author of their existence!

By that humanity which we oft have been told glows in the breast of European loveliness! by the tender mercies of the enlightened souls of Englishmen! by the maternal feelings of thy great queen, whose numerous offspring is so dear to her, the miserable wife of thy prisoner beseeches thee to save her husband's life and restore him to her arms!

Thy God will reward thee, thy country must thank thee, and she now petitioning will ever pray for thee, if thou grantest the prayer of thy humbled vassal.

ALMASSA ALI CAWN.

The petition was presented by the unhappy woman to the great man, who after he had perused it, gave orders that *Almas Ali Cawn* should be immediately strangled, and those orders were instantly executed. May the curse of the widow and fatherless pursue him.

ORIGIN of DRESDEN CHINA.

ABOUT a century ago, there lived in the territories of the elector of Saxony, a man of great learning, and most indefatigable industry in the hermetick science; and being in expectation of success in his design, and the fear of persecution in case such success should be discovered by his superiours, had induced him to take refuge in a place where, not being known, he might look on himself as secure from being suspected; his habitation from the same motives was fixed in a chymist's house, that the use of such implements as were necessary for his purpose might not appear any way alarming or extraordinary. In this house he died, and as some sort of acknowledgement, for the kindness and assiduous care he had been treated with by his host, presented him, on his death bed, with a small quantity of chemical preparations, which, he told him, had full power to effect the transmutation of metals, at the same time giving him directions for the process to be followed in the using of it, yet still concealing the matter and method by which he had acquired this valuable secret.

Whether the chymist had, amongst the effects of the deceased, met with some other secret more practicable, and perhaps no less profitable, I cannot pretend to determine: However that might be, the man grew suddenly rich, and having been weak enough to suffer the circumstances of the alchymist to transpire, it was

quickly rumoured abroad, that he was possessed of a quantity of the *Powder of Projection*, which enabled him to make as much gold as he thought proper.

This report presently reached the elector's ears, who immediately sent for him, and told him that if he was possessed of such a secret, the exertion of it was due to his sovereign, and that what gold he made must be for the use of his master, out of which he should be nobly provided for. In vain was it for him to deny the fact; the elector gave him to know, that *death*, and the confiscation of all his effects to government, would be the consequence of his persisting in a refusal.

Willing, therefore, to sacrifice part if not the whole of his fortune, to preserve life, he assured his highness that he had but a very small quantity of the powder left, but that what he had should be devoted to his service.

Satisfied with this, he was confined in a castle, with a proper allowance to keep him, and there left to make gold for his sovereign, and in consequence masses of that metal were from time to time delivered by him to persons commissioned to receive them; until at length, finding his powder and projection exhausted, he was obliged to declare, that he had used the whole of the powder which had been given to him, and must therefore beg leave to desist his future pretensions relative to that arcanum. This answer, however,

ever, was not satisfactory to the prince, who insisted on it that he must be acquainted with the secret, menaced him with death, unless he pursued the task that had been imposed on him. The poor man, terrified with this threat, intreated, as his last resource, a respite of twelve months, to enable him to find out what it was, perhaps thoroughly convinced he should never discover it: After which time in case of failure, he should be ready to submit to his sentence. This, with some difficulty, was granted him; and he was confined with a close guard to prevent his making an escape, yet amply furnished with all the necessities and conveniencies of life, and provided with all materials and utensils that could forward his researches.

At length the year was expired, and the philosopher's stone no nearer perfection than at the beginning of it. Yet behold, in the process of his enquiry after it, amidst the hopeless trials he had

made use of by "fusion, calcination, vitrification, separation, cribration, ablution, edulcoration, despumation, limation, pulverization, granulation, putrefaction, maceration, fumigation, cohobation, precipitation, amalgamation, distillation, rectification, sublimation, rapidification, extinction, reverboration, fulmination, extraction, digestion, circulation, consolidation, spiritualization," and other methods of almost every thing he could think of, at the close of one process a substance almost as valuable as gold glowed in his crucibles; and this was no other than the composition of the so highly esteemed DRESDEN CHINA; the inestimable importance of which was so evident to his Electoral Highness, that he not only pardoned the inventor, but also bestowed on him a very large estate and raised him to a rank of nobility.—"Both which his descendants enjoy to this very time."

ESSAY on VARIOUS SPECIES of VANITY.

"A wit's a feather——."—*Pops.*

EVERY human breast is tinged with vanity. Self love is the reigning principle of man; and self love begets self partiality. However inattentive others may be to our accomplishments, we commonly are quick to discover them ourselves, and that too through a magnifying glass. An ambition to excel, and a fondness for appearing eminent, have undoubtedly a good influence in the world, by making individuals strive after those accomplishments, which attract the attention and command the applause of mankind in general. Were it not for these principles and passions—the principles of self love and an ambition for applause, verging on the confines of vanity, mankind would rise but a little above the low accomplishments of the brutal creation. But as every avenue for the introduction of good is an inroad for evil, and as every pleasure has its concomitant pain, so a laudible ambition is not only the source of virtue, but also of pride and folly. Few, if any, are wise enough, sufficiently to controul this pas-

sion of self love; and very few can disguise the tents of pride which are pitched and spread within their hearts. Every one is studying for methods to gain applause and appear eminent in some way or other. The methods pursued are as different as the characters which pursue them. And unhappily for many, they frustrate their own designs by the very means which they injudiciously adopt for their accomplishment. But one general feature may be discovered in the pursuits of all, and that is a desire of being thought *wise*. And it is difficult to determine which is the most vain of his abilities, from the greatest philosopher to the most impenetrable numbskull. Some endeavour to discover their wisdom by writing, some by talking, and others, perhaps, more judiciously, by holding their tongue. I term the latter method the most judicious, because I consider it the safest, as folly itself, in this way, disguised by a grave look, a sapient air, and a close mouth, may often pass for wisdom. The world too, perhaps, in no instance

stance are more candid than in this particular—for I have rarely known an instance where a bungling speaker has not been esteemed an excellent *thinker*—if he seldom or never communicates any thoughts, surely he must have an immense fund within. Some will endeavour to convince the world that they are wise by professing themselves to be fools—Thus it is storied of a former President of an American College; he laid it down to his pupils as a maxim, that the more any one in fact knew, the less opinion he would have of his own abilities; and that he must be a very wise man indeed who was sensible that he knew nothing. After advancing his rules and descanting floridly upon them, he concluded by observing, that he, *in his own opinion*, was not two removes from an idiot. Some pride themselves in a knowledge of the world, in polite accomplishments and genteel behaviour—whilst others, in opposition to these, and to show that they are too *wise* to attend to such trifles, discover as much pride by behaving like clowns. Some pride themselves in their liberality in things of a religious nature; they would wish to appear too enlightened and possessed of minds too great and independent to be tied up to any particular doctrines, rules or principles of Christianity, and affect to despise religious forms and ceremonies; while on the contrary extreme, others discover an equal degree of vain glory and self conceit in uncommon displays of sanctimonious looks, and unusual professions of piety and devotion. Some, to show their singularity in genius and transcendence in liberality of sentiment, will behave on days of publick Lamentation, Fasting and Prayer, with all the festivity suitable to times of rejoicing and mirth. Others again reproaching these as proud, vain and impious fools, would convince the world of their superiour wisdom by an over rigorous observance of the day. I have known it a rule among some of this last class of people, never to shave themselves after the reading of a proclamation

for a publick Fast until the day appointed is past; and on the solemn day, in all the pride of ostentatious sanctity, to attend publick worship with their long beards, dirty apparel, and a leather apron—and, as it is aptly expressed in sacred record, “bowing down their heads like a bulrush, that they might appear unto men to fast.”

But in none of these pursuits are men more apt to frustrate their designs than by endeavouring to appear wise, and gain applause by the exercise of *wit*. Wit is a happy talent if regulated by judgment: But the man who is fond of exercising his wit commonly becomes a dupe to it. Injudicious, illiberal witticisms often captivate the attention as much as those of a different nature. Those who are ambitious of distinguishing themselves this way, will frequently therefore be severe, and thereby procure implacable enemies: They will too, most unavoidably run into little, low, trifling witticisms, and complete buffoonery, which, notwithstanding they may create laughter, will as surely beget contempt, and establish a character far different from the one pursued; for instead of being thought wiser on this account they will be considered as possessing little, narrow, trifling minds, and will serve to illustrate by lively specimens the aptness of the poet's observation—“*a wit's a feather*”—Any circle of gentlemen or ladies, possessed of common sense, and having proper ideas of their own dignity, will feel themselves trifled with and insulted when their time and attention is engrossed by characters of this description—Any one who exercises witticisms of this kind in such a circle may depend upon their contempt—they will consider themselves as treated like children by his endeavouring to please them with a rattle—and if they laugh it will be more at *him*, than at what he says. Wits of this kind will be considered, not only as *feathers*—but as the *musketoes* of society—senseless and disgusting when they *buzz*, and painful and poisonous when they *bite*.

Wor. Spec.

SINGULAR

SINGULAR CUSTOM at METELIN.*

[By the Right Hon. JAMES EARL of CHARLEMONT, P. R. I. A.]

THE women here seem to have arrogated to themselves the department and privileges of the men.—Contrary to the usage of all other countries, the eldest daughter here inherits, and the sons, like daughters every where else, are portioned off with small dowers, or which is still worse, turned out penniless, to seek their fortune.—If a man has two daughters, the eldest at her marriage is intitled to all her mother's possessions, which are by far the greater part of the family estate, as the mother, keeping up her prerogative, never parts with the power over any portion of what she has brought into the family, until she is forced into it by the marriage of her daughter; and the father is also compelled to ruin himself by adding whatever he may have scraped together by his industry.—The second daughter inherits nothing, and is condemned to celibacy.—She is stiled a Calogria, which signifies properly a religious woman or nun, and is in effect a menial servant to her sister, being employed by her in any office she may think fit to impose, frequently serving her as waiting maid, as cook, and often in employments still more degrading.—She wears a habit peculiar to her situation, which she can never change, a sort of monastick dress, coarse, and of dark brown. One advantage however she enjoys over her sister, that whereas the elder before marriage is never allowed to go abroad, or to see any man, her nearest relations only excepted, the Calogria, except when employed in domestick toil, is in this respect at perfect liberty.—But when the sister is married, the situation of the poor Calogria becomes desperate indeed, and is rendered still more humiliating by the comparison between her condition and that of her happy mistress. The married sister enjoys every sort of liberty—the whole family fortune is her's, and she spends it as she pleases—her husband is her obsequious servant—her father and

mother are dependant upon her—the dresses in the most magnificent manner, covered all over, according to the fashion of the island, with pearls and with pieces of gold, which are commonly sequins; thus continually carrying about her the enviable marks of affluence and superiority, while the wretched Calogria follows her as a servant, arrayed in simple homespun brown, and without the most distant hope of ever changing her condition. Such a disparity may seem intolerable; but what will not custom reconcile? Neither are the misfortunes of the family yet at an end.—The father and mother, with what little is left them, contrive by their industry to accumulate a second little fortune, and this, if they should have a third daughter, they are obliged to give to her on her marriage, and the fourth, if there should be one, becomes her Calogria; and so on through all the daughters alternately. Whenever the daughter is marriageable, she can by custom compel the father to procure her a husband, and the mother, such is the power of habit, is foolish enough to join in teasing him into an immediate compliance, though its consequences must be equally fatal and ruinous to both of them. From hence it happens that nothing is more common than to see the old father and mother reduced to the utmost indigence, and even begging about the streets, while their unnatural daughters are in affluence; and we ourselves have frequently been shewn the eldest daughter parading it through the town in the greatest splendour, while her mother and sister followed her as servants, and made a melancholy part of her attendant train.

The sons, as soon as they are of an age to gain their livelihood, are turned out of the family, sometimes with a small present or portion, but more frequently without any thing to support them, and thus reduced, they either endeavour to live by their labour, or, which is more usual, go on board

* *An Island of the Archipelago.*

board some trading vessels as sailors or as servants, remaining abroad until they have got together some competency, and then return home to marry and to be hen pecked. Some few there are who, taking the advantage of the Turkish law, break through this whimsical custom, who marry their Calogrias, and retain to themselves a competent provision; but these are accounted men of a singular and even criminal disposition, and are hated and despised as conformists to the Turkish manners, and deserters of their native customs; so that we may suppose they are few indeed who have the boldness to depart from the manners of their country, to adopt the customs of their detested masters, and to brave the contempt, the derision and the hatred of their neighbours and fellow citizens.

Of all these extraordinary particulars I was informed by the French consul, a man of sense and of indisputable veracity, who had resided in this island for several years, and who solemnly assured me that every circumstance was true; but indeed our own observation left us without the least room for doubt, and the singular appearance and deportment of the ladies fully evinced the truth of our friend's relation. In walking through the town it is easy to perceive, from the whimsical manner of the female passengers, that the women, according to the vulgar phrase, *wear the breeches*. They frequently stopped us in the streets, examined our drefs, interrogated us with a bold and manly air, laughing at our foreign garb and appearance, and shewed so little attention to that decent modesty, which is or ought to be, the true characteristick of the sex, that there is every reason to suppose they would, in spite of their haughtiness, be the kindest ladies upon earth if they were not strictly watched by the Turks, who are here very numerous, and would be ready to punish any transgression of their ungallant laws with arbitrary fines. But nature and native manners will often baffle the efforts even of tyranny. In all their customs these manly ladies seem to have changed sexes with the men.—The

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woman rides astride—the man sits sideways upon the horse.—Nay, I have been assured that the husband's distinguished appellation is his wife's family name.—The women have town and country houses, in the management of which the husband never dares to interfere.—Their gardens, their servants, are all their own; and the husband, from every circumstance of his behaviour, appears to be no other than his wife's first domestick, perpetually bound to her service, and slave to her caprice. Hence it is that a tradition obtains in the country, that this island was formerly inhabited by Amazons, a tradition, however, founded upon no ancient history that I know of. Sappho, indeed, the most renowned female that this island has ever produced, is said to have had manly inclinations, in which, as Lucian informs us, she did but conform with the singular manner of her country women; but I do not find that the mode in which she shewed these inclinations is imitated by the present female inhabitants, who seem perfectly content with the dear prerogative of absolute sway, without endeavouring in any other particular to change the course of nature; yet will this circumstance serve to shew that the women of Lesbos had always something peculiar, and even peculiarly masculine, in their manners and propensities. But be this as it may, it is certain that no country whatsoever can afford a more perfect idea of an Amazonian commonwealth, or better serve to render probable those antient relations which our manners would induce us to esteem incredible, than this island of Metelin. These lordly ladies are, for the most part, very handsome in spite of their drefs, which is singular and disadvantageous. Down to the girdle, which, as in the old Grecian garb, is raised far above what we usually call the waist, they wear nothing but a shift of thin and transparent gauze, red, green, or brown, through which every thing is visible, their breasts only excepted, which they cover with a sort of handkerchief; and this, as we are informed, the Turks have obliged them to wear, while they look upon it an incumbrance, and

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as no inconsiderable portion of Turkish tyranny. Long sleeves of the same thin material, perfectly shew their arms even to their shoulder. Their principal ornaments are chains of pearl, to which they hang small pieces of gold coin. Their eyes are large and fine, and the nose which we term Grecian, usually prevails among them, as it does indeed among the women of all these islands. Their complexions are naturally fine, but they spoil them by paint, of which they make abundant use, and they disfigure their pretty faces by shaving the hinder part of the eyebrow, and replacing it with a strait line of hair, neatly applied with some sort of gum, the brow

being thus continued in a strait and narrow line till it joins the hair on each side of their face. They are well made, of the middle size, and, for the most part, plump, but they are distinguished by nothing so much and so universally as by a haughty, disdainful, and supercilious air, with which they seem to look down upon all mankind as creatures of an inferior nature, born for their service, and doomed to be their slaves; neither does this peculiarity in countenance in any degree diminish their natural beauty, but rather adds to it that sort of bewitching attraction, which the French call *piquant*.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A D I A L O G U E.

On this question—Have the Moderns excelled the Ancients in the cultivation of the Arts and Sciences?

[Between LEANDER and ALPHONZO.]

Leander. EVERY heart that wishes for the happiness of his country, must rejoice at the progress of science. It is this that cultivates the finer feelings, and renders society agreeable; enlarges the mind, enables it to contemplate the works of nature, and fits it to receive the most sublime of earthly enjoyments.

Alphonzo. As far as we can go back in the annals of history, we may see traces of literature. Persia, Egypt, India, and almost all the eastern nations had once their height of grandeur; once were famous for a knowledge of the arts and sciences. But, science, like national glory, has its rise and fall. While one nation is emerging from obscurity, and beginning to collect the rays of scientific light, its neighbouring state, which has been long famed for erudition, begins to decline, and soon is enveloped in the same cloud of ignorance and superstition. Even in Persia, where the will of a prince has ever laboured to check the growth of knowledge, poets have risen up, in the early ages of the world, who diffused light upon the eastern nations: But, the noble flame, unnourished by national laws,

and overpowered by a torrent of ignorance, was soon entirely extinguished.

Leand. The decline of science is merely relative. From its earliest dawn, it never has been totally neglected; but, when in one state, some cause has checked its progress, another nation immediately catches the flame. Here, the different arts are cultivated with greater success; having the knowledge directly received from the other nation, by attention they are brought in a degree nearer to perfection;—so that every check upon the arts and sciences which causes a relative decline, only changes the seat of literature.—So far is science from being depreciated by this change, that it is enabled to shine with more conspicuous lustre. Many changes have taken place in the literary world.—The nations of the East, in succession, have seen their glory. Greece and Rome, by turns, have been the admiration of the learned world; from them the moderns caught the flame, and have produced philosophers, orators, poets and musicians.—By their instructions, mankind are drawn from the wilderness of

of barbarity and ignorance, to the enchanting regions of virtue and true taste; where human nature, drest in the garb of general philanthropy and of sound wisdom, appears far different from his former character, in those pages where unbounded ambition, and lawless tyranny, form the story, and where an Alexander and a Cæsar are the heroes of the tale.

Alph. True, indeed, are your observations. Refinement of manners and taste ever goes hand in hand with a cultivation of the arts and sciences. Where one flourishes, the other, by its side, reflects its brilliancy.—Compared with the philosopher, the warrior, however enterprising and famous, diminishes in our esteem, and yields the palm of true glory, which through innumerable dangers, and fatigues, almost insupportable, he strove to obtain. But, even the learned themselves have been so tinctured with a false ambition, as to look, with a jealous eye, on the glory of those embarked with themselves in the same pursuit. Too much do national prejudices—too much does affection for a country—and too much does respect for a particular age occasion disputes, which are by no means promotive of taste and literature. Some there are, whose rapacious hands would pluck from the ancients of Greece and Rome that laurel, which ought ever to adorn them; who deny that those illustrious names ought to be honoured with the same of having carried to the highest perfection many arts and sciences.

Leand. To be under the influence of prejudice, denotes a mind contracted and illiberal. But the question, whether the ancients were superiour to the moderns in the polite arts and sciences? admits of doubt. Let us consider the arguments on each side, for from them alone a determination should be formed. Natural philosophy, and the mathematics, have, undoubtedly, been most successfully cultivated by the moderns. The ancients had their Socrates, their Plato, their Aristotle, and their Epicurus; these were philosophers—but, compared with Des Cartes, Newton, Voltaire, or Franklin, their glory diminishes.

In mathematics likewise, they could boast of great improvements. Euclid and Archimedes were eminent in this branch of literature; but, they cannot be ranked with Tycho Brahe, and other moderns, who have carried this science to the highest perfection.

Alph. These sciences are the study of ages. It is impossible that a few years attention should divest them of every thing unintelligible or absurd. Our own age is still ignorant of many passages in the great volume of nature; and succeeding generations will find mysteries in it which even their superiour acuteness will not be able to comprehend. With the politer arts it is different. These are studies more adapted to our genius; they are the imitation of nature. And where taste for their beauties, and genius for their study are united, they are sooner brought to perfection. In poetry, sculpture, painting, mulick, and oratory, I think we may prove, that the ancients excelled.

Leand. Do you forget the long catalogue of poets, painters, statuarys, mulicians, and orators that crowd the page of modern history? Is not a Milton, a Raphael, a Handel, or a lord Chatham, sufficient to convince you that your comparison in favour of ancient rudeness is chimerical and absurd?

Alph. As far as argument will enforce conviction, we expect to assent. Poetry let us first consider. Here, Homer, the prince of bards, presents himself to our imagination, whose excellence is beyond the reach of detraction, whose genius and taste will ever be imitated; but, never surpassed. Virgil and Horace too, I might mention; but their works are too well known to require a description. The taste of the ancients in general was very peculiar. At Athens, the common people were critics in language, though war was a study with which all were acquainted; the republick consumed vast sums in cultivating the polite arts, and in gratifying their taste for the pleasures of refinement. An evidence of this, the unbounded generosity with which they even lavished the treasures of the state upon poets, and orators. The exhibition

bition of three of Sophocle's tragedies, cost Athens more than it expended in the Peloponnesian war, a war which continued for more than twenty years.

A liberality of this kind is not found in modern nations, where poverty with all its concomitant evils, seems to be the never failing characteristick of the poet. Sculpture and painting may be considered in few words.—We have the authority of the celebrated Italian statuary and painter, Michael Angelo, to prove that the ancients excelled in these.

Leand. This confession of Angelo's may be considered as the effect of a noble modesty.—The ancients had only four colours, and knew not the use of oil in painting. Is it possible, that, under these disadvantages, they should excel the moderns?

Alph. But, if these disadvantages prevented their excelling, how much more worthy are they of our praise! Their productions have been compared with those of the moderns, and have often been declared superiour. One of Angelo's statues being compared with an ancient performance of the same kind, the most accurate connoisseurs readily declared in favour of the latter; supposing, however, at the time, both to have been of modern production. As to musick, we cannot so readily determine. It was the custom of statesmen, generals, and emperors, to recreate themselves with this. From this circumstance, as well as the perfection to which they carried the other arts, we may infer that the progress of the ancients in musick was very great.

Leand. You mention the comparison of an ancient statue with one of Angelo's. Angelo was very sensible of the undue attachment to the productions of the ancients, and this, very probably, was an artifice of his own contriving;—similar to another of his played upon the enthusiastick advocates of ancient wit, taste, literature, in short, of ancient perfection—it was this.—He made a statue in elegant taste, broke off one arm, and the hand of the other arm, and then went to Rome and buried the statue in the vicinity where he expected that some

citizens would have occasion to dig. Soon after it was discovered, and brought to Rome. Here, the virtuosi, from all countries, came in great numbers, to view the admirable curiosity. It was compared with the most celebrated productions of Raphael, Angelo, and others who excelled in this branch; it was declared by all to be infinitely superiour to any of their performances: Several learned treatises concerning it had already been handed to the world, when Angelo, who all the while smiled in secret at the farce, produced the arm and hand. O luckless connoisseurs! unfortunate virtuosi! made subjects of ridicule and contempt for an ignoble crowd! this may warn every one not to suffer an attachment for any opinion to triumph over reason, and not to lavish praises on the ancients at the expense of their superiours. Your arguments in favour of ancient oratory we will next consider.

Alph. It is well known that the governments of Greece and Rome were more favourable to oratory, than the government of any modern state.—There, affairs respecting the state were debated before the people, who had, a weighty influence, at least, in the decision of all criminal trials. Their passions were swayed at will by the arts of the orator: But in modern nations, sometimes private interest sways the mind of the legislator, or judge. And this, rhetoric and good argumentation can never alter. Witness the spirited oratory and patriotick exhortations of lord Chatham in the parliament of Britain, where self interest had taken the reins, and was about to precipitate the nation into the gulph of injustice and oppression. If true patriotism and sound wisdom prevail, oratory is likewise ineffectual. From these causes, we may reasonably account, why Greece resounded with the fame of a Pericles and Demosthenes; and Rome with that of a Cicero, a Cæsar, and Pliny, while modern Europe and America have not produced one worthy to be considered their rival.

Leand. But cannot this difficulty be resolved? In learning, the ancients were in their infancy. One who carried the sciences to any degree of perfection,

fection, was considered as a prodigy. In modern times, the arts and sciences are so universally cultivated, and there are so many rivals for fame and honour, that an impartial world knows not on whom to place the wreath of glory. One argument of importance is yet unnamed. You observed that refinement of manners and taste was ever a concomitant of the arts and sciences. This is doubtless a truth. Wherever the sciences are cultivated, there appears blossoms of friendship, there shine forth all the virtues which embellish human society. But, what do we see of refinement among the ancient states of Europe? what, through the nations of Egypt or Persia?—Scarce were the feelings of sympathy known; each one strove to increase his own happiness by the destruction of his neighbour's. What a contrast with the manners of the present æra! Instead of the savage cruelties which characterized the ancients, we may see the tender offices of humanity; friends retiring to the shade of the peaceful olive; there, mingling their joys or sorrows; each one participating the feelings of the other. Is not this, according to your own as-

sertion, an undeniable proof that the arts and sciences are carried to greater perfection by the moderns than by the ancients.

Alph. The different forms of government have great influence in regulating the manners of a nation. Besides, a more potent reason may be adduced, why the ancients were more barbarous in their manners than the moderns. Friendly intercourse with the fair sex is absolutely necessary to soften and polish the manners of a people. Had not the ancient rigorous laws and customs kept the female genius in obscurity, they might have equalled and perhaps surpassed the moderns in refinement. Philology and mathematicks, as you observed, have, perhaps, been carried to the highest perfection by the moderns; but in the politer arts, I think we have arguments to prove that the ancients excelled: As you are of the opposite opinion, let us refer the decision to some impartial judge, and imagine that we hear the voice of the umpire bidding us in the words of Palæmon, "Claudite jam rivos, pueri;—sat prata biberunt."—Virg.

MASONICK ANECDOTE.

THE late King of Prussia was one of the most illustrious members of the society of *Free and accepted Masons*. He was taught at an early period of life to think the institution had a great tendency to promote charity, good fellowship, harmony, and brotherly love; and he resolved to become a Free Mason, as soon as a favourable occasion should offer; but he was obliged to wait a long time for it; for his father had conceived so unconquerable an aversion to Free Masons, that he would not have hesitated to have put any one to death whom he should discover to have been instrumental in initiating the Prince Royal into the mysteries of the craft; and such was the temper of the King, that he very probably would have been so enraged against his eldest son for entering into a society which he abhorred, that he would have disin-

herited him. However, both the Prince and the Baron de Bielfeldt resolved to run all risks; and it was determined by the latter, who was one of his Royal Highness's gentlemen of the bed chamber, and some other officers of his household, that at all events they would make him a Mason. They thought the fair of Brunswick would afford a favourable opportunity for putting their scheme in execution, as there were always a great concourse of people in that town during the fair, and that a Lodge might therefore be easily held there without giving people any reason to suspect the nature of the meeting. The Baron and his friends accordingly provided themselves with all the apparatus necessary for holding a Lodge; and having put them up in trunks, placed them in a waggon, which they attended in disguise. But an unlucky affair

fair had like to have brought on a discovery, from which all the parties concerned might have apprehended the most fatal consequences. The officers of the customs, placed at the gates of Brunswick, examined the waggon, as it was passing into the town, and finding a number of large candlesticks, and other things used in the Lodges of Free Masons, could not conceive for what purpose they were intended, and were going to seize them and the drivers, when one of the latter, with some presence of mind, said they were poor harmless jugglers, who were going to exhibit numberless curious tricks at the fair; and that the contents of the trunks in the waggon were the ornaments of their little stage, and the implements necessary for displaying their dexterity. This tale had the desired effect, the pretended jugglers were suffered to pass; and the Prince Royal arriving soon afterwards *in cog*, was admitted in one night, *speciali Gratia*, to all the degrees of Masonry: The secret was very well kept by all the parties dur-

ing the life of the Prince's father; for his Highness had the chance of a crown to lose, and the other persons had lives to forfeit by the disclosure. They were therefore all deeply interested in observing a scrupulous silence on the subject. The Free Masons of the dominions of Prussia felt the benefit of having a Brother in the person of the Prince, who, when he came to the crown, declared himself their protector; and ever after continued his favour to them during the whole course of his reign, while their brethren were persecuted by the King of Naples and the Elector Palatine; the former of whom imprisoned them, while the latter forbade them to hold Lodges under the most severe penalties; and ordered all his officers civil and military, who were Free Masons, under pain of being dismissed or cashiered, to deliver up to persons appointed to receive them, the certificate of their admission into that society, and to give security that they would never attend any Lodge in future.

EXPENSE and PROFIT of RAISING SILK WORMS.

ONE hundred trees, of two or three year's growth, will feed an amazing number of silk worms, rate them at £0 6 0

The land they are put in is a mere trifle: They can be planted in hedge rows, and improve the ground in which they grow. Any vegetable or grass will thrive well under them; Indeed by keeping the ground loose about their roots they will thrive the best. Say that the room they take up is worth another dollar.

The worms thrive best in mere sheds almost. A tight room is not the thing. A hut, any kind of rough and slight shelter is best. An unfinished garret; the corner of a barn inclosed for the purpose, will serve: But suppose it were necessary to run up a small building for the purpose, you may raise many thousands in one

that every farmer may build for himself, and it wont cost him more than

2 8 0
3 0 0

Ten dollars is then the capital required to set up this business.

Now let us see what it will take to carry it on.

Suppose our farmer has a wife and two children. Well, about the 10th of June he thinks of hatching his eggs (they will cost him nothing) and by the middle of August, the work is done.—In that time his wife, children, and himself, not employed all the day long about the silk worms, may raise at least 160,000 of them.

Then the only thing is to reel off this silk. To be sure it will require time, patience and industry to reel off 1,900,000 yards of silk which these 160,000 worms have made; but no money is required to do it: The wife and children do it at their leisure, and when it is done they have 54lb. of

raw silk to dispose of at three dollars per lb. this is £48, 12, 0.

All by the labour of his own and family's hands, and that only during part of the year.

His trees remain, his shed stands, and his land is still his, and not impoverished.

And, Why wont our farmers plant these mulberry trees and busy

themselves in the culture of this silk ? It is for want of thought ; but their eyes will be soon opened to their interest. 48/. for a small family to make in one year from a capital of 3/. only, with industry and attention, is certainly worth thinking about.—Where is the farmer that can do better with his land, time, or money ?

HISTORY of EDWIN and PAULINA.

THERE is a philosophy in friendship, founded on disinterested motives, which not all the sarcastick talents of libertinism, nor the burlesque spurns of incredulity can vanquish. That love is not merely an irrational infatuation, is demonstrable from the feelings of every man, whose mind is not steeped in the opiate of sensuality.—It is not the ungoverned frenzy of precipitant passions ; but its emotions are dictated by the whispers of reason and guided by the finger of nature.

Edwin! The hapless Edwin, was ushered into life with prospects far inferior to the dignity of his mind. Having an early passion for the improvement of his understanding, he shared with the village children the advantages of a *small school*, and the fever of juvenile dissipation gave place to the more interesting ambition of mental refinement ; but poverty, in all its haggard figures, attempted to baffle his manly exertions ; his perseverance however *made a mole hill of a mountain*. Endowed with a mind superior to the toils of *peasantry* and the narrow circumscription of mere rural life, his enterprising genius roved among the more important sceneries of the world, and taught him that the *threshing floor* was not the theatre for his manly exertions. By the exhibition of his talents he interested property in his favour, and after the maturity of his reason, mingled with mankind.

At the university, the powers of his understanding and the originality of his wit procured him the estimation of his collegiate connexions, while assiduous application to study ranked him high in the opinion of the

government. He needed not exertion to disrobe himself of rusticity, nor observation to ape the mechanical affability of the *Oppidan*, for his own manners were the motions of nature, and the model of ease and refinement.

Such was the accomplished *Edwin*, when he bid adieu to the university—but he had no other fortune for his subsistence than the applauding smiles of his acquaintance. After retiring from collegiate life, he undertook the tuition of a school in a distant village. Fate here introduced him to a new circle of friends, and among the rest to the accomplished *Paulina* ; the first interview taught them some novel palpitations, and here he first experienced the magick emotions of love.

“Witness ye powers above,
“How much he suffer'd and how much he strove.”

The wheels of time were dilatory in their movements, until Edwin had seen *Paulina* beside him ; every idea was tortured in embryo that was not relative to his new acquaintance. In a few days a luckless informant unfolded to him the most fatal intelligence—That *Paulina* received the attentions of *Herbert*. He was thunder-struck—dumb as the lifeless statue—but he determined that his *passion* should suffer *instant suicide*, and his affections never be disclosed. But not all the philosophy he could summon to his aid, could stifle the emotions of *Edwin* ; his countenance was more eloquent than the most powerful *retorick*, and his actions more loquacious than the most persuasive tongue.

The father of *Paulina* entertained a fond attachment to *Herbert*, but he

was not unconscious of the merits of Edwin. The courtship of Herbert and Paulina was a prelude to a *convenient marriage*.—Edwin determined not to undermine the friendship by any perfidious chicanery; and therefore his movements were not precipitate.—But soon were Paulina's actions more eloquent than his own.

Silent was the eve when slumber had lulled the world to repose. Quick glided the minutes of the interview—rapid was the interchange of thought—and the result secured to Edwin what was more valuable than all the treasures of *Indostan*. Herbert was not refractory—a few months passed in the *paradise* of hallowed affection.

"So pass'd their lives a clear united stream,
"By care unruffled—"

"Headless how far and where its mazes
stray'd, [love

"While with each other blest'd; creative
"Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around."

But the ambition of Edwin called him to more manly pursuits, he departed from his Paulina to a distant town in an adjacent State—and engaged in the study of law:—But his temporary adieu to Paulina was under the most sacred vows. His genius prompted him to the most studious application. His distance did not permit him often to see his Paulina—but the sacred flame existed and even improved by separation.

After having completed his *jurisprudential studies*; he settled in a handsome town, and every prospect

smiled with the most picturesque colours—"First was the nuptial hour."—But how sad is the reverse of fortune—the very week in which *Hymen* would have sealed their vows at his altar and sanctified the most hallowed friendship—A sleigh was dispatched for Paulina in the greatest imaginable haste, with a letter that Edwin was in the last scorplings of a fever—the feelings of Paulina were poignant beyond description.

The next morning, through the most inclement atmosphere and banked snow drifts—she flew upon the wings of the wind—but hapless Paulina! sad damps to every joy—her Edwin was dead—nupt in the blossom of existence—cut down in the threshold of manhood, he expired unruffled and unappalled as the faint flutters of the dying breeze—the predominant feelings of humanity had their ruthless agitation upon her soul—but she exhibited a laudable fortitude—She dropped a tear upon his shroud—and followed him to the tomb in "*sackcloth and ashes*."

"Contending spring
"Shed her own rosy garland on their head;
"Till ev'ning comes at last serene and mild,
"When after the long vernal day of life,
"Enamour'd more as more remembrance
swells.

"With many a proof of recollected love,
"Together down they sink to social sleep;
"Together freed their gentle spirits fly
"To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

THOMSON.

RASHNESS OF CENSURING the LAWS of CREATION.

[By EDMUND RACK, Esq.]

"And who but wishes to invert the laws
"Of Order--sins against th' Eternal Cause."

IT has been the employment of some discontented minds to disturb the peace of others, by finding fault with the laws by which Providence supports and governs the world.

They deplore the decline of summer with unavailing lamentation, and affect to feel a kind of horror to the approach of dull days and wintry blasts, of long nights and leafless groves. Some have vainly endeavoured to prove the constitution of

nature imperfect, from the alternate change of seasons, and from the constant succession of cold and heat, sterility and fruitfulness, in all the habitable parts of the earth. They have been presumptuous enough to assert, that the inconveniences arising from the annual revolution of the seasons would be remedied by a change in the order of our system; and that the presence of a perpetual spring

Spring would constitute a scene of greater beauty and happiness than we now enjoy. Thus have they shown forth the folly of their own minds, and endeavoured to interrupt the tranquillity of others, by vain murmurings, originating in discontent, and ending in impiety.

From ignorance of their own frame, and of the nature and powers of the human mind, arises this disposition. They know not the manner in which the soul is affected by the body, or the body by the elements that surround it: Nor do they form any just idea of the various relations that subsist between the various ranks of being in the universe, or of the secret communication the one has with the other.

To trace the frame and constitution of human nature, from first principles to visible effects, is a task too arduous for the most acute philosopher. But a little attention to the subject, will shew us that much of the pleasure we enjoy is produced by the combinations of variety; and a constant succession of objects, either new in themselves, or presented to us under different arrangements, and new modifications. These form the most enlivening part of nature's animated scenery, and best exhibit the excellence and beauty of her works. By exciting a constant succession of new ideas, they accelerate the flight of that time which would otherwise appear tedious. By keeping the faculties in employment, their vigour is preserved, and the mind is kept from sinking into the languor of inactivity. From the hope and expectation of joys yet unexperienced, arise the desire of life, and the efforts to preserve it. As every day brings forth something new to us, we view its approach with pleasure. But, were the present state of nature one undistinguished uniform assemblage of the same objects, these hopes and pleasures could not exist. The journey of life, short as it is, would then become tedious, and present no other prospect than that of a dull unmeaning void.

From ignorance springs the pride of little minds. They presume to find fault with the universal plan, although so small a part of it lies within the limits of their comprehension. What

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low and groveling sentiments must those entertain of Deity, who have the folly and presumption, thus to arraign that wisdom which established and preserves the beautiful order and variety, that continually shine forth in every part of his works.

The impiety of such conduct is no less evident than its folly, when we reflect on our own blindness, and weakness, the state of dependency in which we are placed, and the duties we owe to the Great Author and Source of all. He who is perfect in wisdom as well as power, has established those laws, by which every change in the elements, and revolution of the seasons, take place. It is by his appointment that nature walks her beauteous round, and constantly performs her stated operations. To suppose, then, that the laws of his Providence are defective, or that finite beings can amend them, betrays such a degree of impious folly, as we would think it impossible for man to arrive at, did not his own tongue proclaim it. The various vicissitudes of created things excite in us the highest sensations of pleasure as well as pain; and if they sometimes so elevate the billows as to cause a momentary tempest in the ocean of life, they also prevent the still worse consequence of its becoming noxious by stagnation.

The human mind is formed for activity and duration. It cannot, even now, be happy in the torpor of indolent repose: And perhaps, as it rises through the various degrees of perfection, and stages of existence, its activity may forever increase. The intellectual capacities of man grasp at something beyond the limits of this world; his hopes extend to other regions of existence. The mind cannot, therefore, long dwell with pleasure on a single object or a single theme; but panting after new discoveries in knowledge, is continually in search of a succession numerous as its desires, and endless in their variety. To satisfy these desires, in the present state of being, the boundless variety of nature, and the constant succession of day and night, of summer and winter, of spring time and of harvest, seem to have been appointed. These changes constitute

constitute much of our sensitive happiness, and furnish the means of exercising our intellectual powers with improvement and delight. Without this alternate change we should soon feel the langor of satiety become intolerable, and be deprived of a great part of that happiness we now enjoy.

It would be a very proper consideration for those *discontented beings*, whom God himself cannot please, and whose vain conceit prompts them to "call imperfection what they fancy such," would they reflect whether the remedy they propose, could remove the supposed inconvenience.

It is generally thought, that every successive season has its peculiar advantages, and affords its peculiar pleasures: And the language of wisdom, is, That all unitedly conspire to form the grand aggregate of beauty and felicity enjoyed by sensible and virtuous minds in the present state of being. Addison has remarked, with equal piety and truth, that, "The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man." To the truth of this position every good man will assent, not only from its reasonableness, but from the concurring testimony of his own experience.

Whenever he steps aside from the scenes of business and of folly, and contemplates the objects that surround him in their native beauty and order, an endless field of entertainment lies open before him. The vales are clothed with verdure, and enamelled with flowers of a thousand forms and hues: The hills crowned with woods, or frowning with a wild magnificence, sublimely rise around him. He sees innumerable tribes of being, beautiful in their order, and happy in their sphere. His ears are saluted with the warblings of birds, the waving of the foliage, and the gurgling of waters. Surrounded thus with beauty, and with harmony, can he fail to partake of the general joy, or hesitate to join in the general tribute of praise to the Great and Glorious Author of his being? No, surely. Insensible indeed must that mind be, who does not feel itself impelled, by sensations of gratitude and joy, to join the general chorus, and say with Milton,

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair.

Every season affords its peculiar pleasures. If *Spring*, arrayed in the gaiety of youth and beauty, affects us with the most lively sensations, and suggests the most enlivening hopes, the *Summer* animates and gives them additional maturity and vigour. The riches and the mildness of *Autumn* afford pleasure scarcely inferior to the gayer seasons; while *Winter* furnishes the united satisfaction arising from recollection, and of hope, from reflection and anticipation.

Even *Winter* itself, which discontent has represented as a season of dreary wretchedness, and barren of all that is pleasing, is replete with real advantages and peculiar beauties.—The objects it presents are striking, and afford pleasure to every mind disposed to be pleased with the works of its creator. Its effects on us are equally beneficial with those of milder seasons. The objects peculiar to that period of the year are no less beautiful in the eye of a Philosopher, than the gaiety of *Spring* and the luxuriance of *Summer*. By the frosts and snow the air is purified from those noxious particles and vapours which endanger health; and the earth is impregnated with a sufficient quantity of saline and nitrous matter, to loosen its cohesion, and promote the progress of vegetation. Even the animal system receives the greatest advantage from the return of winter. Languid and enervated by the heat of summer, fatigued with the toils of autumn, the blood and juices circulate too faintly, and the body wants a stimulus to regulate and increase the disordered state, and interrupted motion of its fluids and organs. But by the sharpness and keen activity of winter air, the solids are braced up to their proper tone, the elastick spring of the fibres is increased, and the whole animal economy is restored to order. Hence perhaps it is that the social and domestic pleasures are relished in an higher degree during winter than in any other season. The mind seems more collected within itself, and is capable of acting with

with greater vigour than in seasons were its attention is broken and divided among a multiplicity of exterior objects.

Thus it appears that every season, as well as object, is beautiful and useful in its order. To contemplate this

order and beauty is a noble and beneficial employment. By pursuing it we increase our own happiness, and find ample reason to join in the declaration made by the Almighty, when, having surveyed all his wonderful works, he pronounced them *very good*.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

CAUSES and EFFECTS of PECUNIARY WANT.

VARIOUS are the causes by which a man is destined to feel the effects of poverty; and the consequences produced by it are as various as the causes by which it is at first felt.—Some persons are reduced to a state of indigence, who once rolled in their millions, through a want of prudence, frugality and knowledge of the intrinsic value of their property: The coming and going of their estate appears to them like a dream or imaginary fiction. Others become poor by making use of the means of availing themselves of a comfortable subsistence, to the vile purpose of debasing their natures and incapacitating themselves for their business and occupations, by the too liberal use of what may, strictly speaking, be called the curse to society; I mean Rum, which has tript up the heels of far too great a part of mankind. Where poverty is produced in this way, wretched indeed is the state of that man—wretched beyond description, and more especially if he happens to be at the head of a family, for he renders his family miserable, and the more sober and considerate part of society will withhold that share of charity which they would grant to such an object, were his necessities caused by the hard hand of misfortune. A third set, struggle with indigence through hard fortune: those who thus come to want, solely by misfortune, are naturally led to see the instability of all earthly possessions, and that, although one day they may have been in comfortable circumstances, yet before the next sun has performed his western course, they may meet some unthought of accident which will make them objects of distress. Many times such a reduction

in a man's estate is salutary in its consequences, and causes the person thus reduced to see, that instead of heaping up wealth, which is subject to destruction every hour, he ought to be preparing for himself an estate in the celestial regions, not subject to the shock of capricious fortune. Poverty is said to be the poor man's protection; in many instances it is, but there are but few, and a very few, who would wish to be protected by real poverty. It is true that many men are protected by a false kind of poverty, which they preach up to terrify their creditors: But this is the work of deceit, and not real poverty. The poor man in many respects is happier than the rich—his cares are not multiplied by riches, for he has but a living by the work of his hands; nor like the rich man does the blandishments of fortune render him unhappy, for he is not possessed of it; he sees not the vexations, nor does he feel the anxieties of the rich. The man of opulence 'tis true is surrounded with every apparent comfort and convenience; yet what that man calls happiness, produced by his affluence, is nothing but the intermitting flashes of pleasure, which are short lived and of no duration.

Man's grand object in this world is to be happy, and the most direct method of procuring this object of his pursuit he will naturally take to obtain it.

Extreme poverty is no more to be desired by a person in pursuit of happiness, than the over abundance of wealth—for the former is apt to depress the mind too much, and drags him insensibly into a state of melancholy; the latter so far elevates the greater part of mankind as to produce consequences by no means conducive

to real happiness. Methinks a due medium between poverty and affluence would be the most likely to produce a contented mind in the virtuous man, which having once obtained he may emphatically be stiled

a happy man. Contentment is the only requisite to human happiness, and no one without this valuable property, a contented mind, ever enjoyed the sweets of true and genuine felicity. MILETIUS.

ON VARIOUS MODES of EATING.

THE Maldivian islanders eat alone. They retire into the most secret parts of their houses, and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. This custom probably arises (remarks the philosophick author) from the savage, in the early periods of society, concealing himself to eat: he fears that another, with as sharp an appetite but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. Besides, the ideas of witchcraft are widely spread among barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown amongst their victuals.

In noticing the solitary meal of the Maldivian islander, another reason may be alledged for this misanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and, as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unfociable life.

On the contrary, the islanders of the Phillipines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and we are assured, that however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives, or forks: Every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otahiteans, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, feed separate from each other. At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, have each their respective basket.

They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other, they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence.

The custom of drinking at different hours from those assigned for eating, is to be met with amongst many savage nations. It was originally begun from necessity, and soon became a habit. "A people transplanted," observes our ingenious philosopher, "preserve in another climate modes of living which relate to those whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil scrupulously abstain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat."

When neither decency nor politeness are known, the man who invites his friends to a repast is greatly embarrassed to testify his esteem for his guests, and to present them with some amusement; for the savage guest imposes on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the American Indians the host is continually on the watch to solicit them to eat; but touches nothing himself. In New France, he wears himself with singing, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, we wish to shew our confidence to our friends: We treat them as relations; and it is said that, in China, the master of the house, to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while his guests regale themselves at his table in undisturbed revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship, in a rude state, have a savage and gross character, which it is not a little curious to observe. The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink; and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth: And then clap their hands and dance before him.

No

No customs seems more ridiculous than those practised by a Kamtschadale, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin, which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bare the excess of the heat as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield; but, at length obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of clothes or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin and to oblige him to eat till he dies. The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: He treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of his guest, whom he has so handsomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin till he had obtained from him the presents he had in so singular a manner given to him.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alledged. It is meant to put the person to a trial whose friendship is sought. The Kamtschadale, who is at the expense of the fires and the repast, is desirous to know whether the stranger has the

strength to support pain with him, and if he is generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, he continues heating the cabin to an insupportable degree; and, for a last proof of the stranger's constancy and attachment, he exacts more clothes and more dogs. The host passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger; and he shews, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. It is thus the most singular customs would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to contemplate them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem, the negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The king of Loango eats in one house, and drinks in another. A Kamtschadale kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out—"Tana!—There!" and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient monarchs of France. We are informed that, after their coronation or consecration, when they sat at table, the nobility served them on horseback.

[*L'Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes.*]

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

[*Of the late Rev. Dr. S. COOPER, of Boston.*]

DR. COOPER was the second son of that distinguished divine, the late Rev. William Cooper, one of the pastors of the church in Brattle Street: He was born the 23th of March, 1725. While he was passing through the common course of education at a grammar school in this town, and afterwards at the university in Cambridge, he exhibited such marks of a masterly genius as gave his friends the pleasure of anticipating a life eminently useful to his country.

His pious father having designed him for the gospel ministry, was happy to find his son's inclination meet-

ing his own. Divinity was therefore the Doctor's favourite study; and having early felt the impressions of serious religion, the honour of being a minister of the gospel weighed down every consideration of temporal advantages.

He early made his appearance as a preacher, and so acceptable were his first performances, and such the expectations they had raised, that he had scarce attained to the age of twenty years before he received a call from the church and congregation in Brattle Street, to succeed his father, who died December 23th, 1743, as colleague with

with the celebrated Doctor Colman. In this office he was ordained May 25th, 1746, just thirty years after the ordination of his father.

The Doctor did not disappoint the expectations he had raised; his reputation increased, and he was soon one of the most universally acceptable preachers in the country. Through a course of near thirty nine years publick ministry, he conducted himself with such wisdom and integrity, prudence and ability, as procured him the like love and esteem from his venerable colleague, and the people of his charge, which his father had enjoyed, and the notice and respect of all the clergy in the Commonwealth. Indeed his whole life was worthy the imitation of all who wish to live admired, or die lamented.

He early discovered a happy talent for composition; his sermons bore the mark of genius and taste: They were clear and elegant—sensible and truly evangelical, and delivered with an energy and pathos which warmed the heart—in a style which charmed the ear—and with an eloquence which always gained the attention of his auditory.

In prayer he was greatly distinguished;—his thoughts and language were devotional, pertinent and scriptural; well adapted to the particular occasion, and delivered with such humility and reverence, and at the same time grateful variety, as could hardly fail of kindling a flame of devotion in the most dull and lifeless of his fellow worshippers. When celebrating the peculiar mysteries of our holy religion—how was he carried even beyond himself, with such a flow and fulness of expression, as often bore away the intelligent and spiritual worshippers as on angel's wings towards heaven!

About twelve months after his call and before his ordination, a malignant and mortal fever then prevailing, he was introduced by his reverend colleague to the chambers of the sick, and the beds of the dying. He has often observed, it was a happy introduction to the work of the ministry—It was one means of eminently qualifying him for that part of pastoral duty; and it is universally allowed that

few, if any, were more judicious and successful in their applications and addresses to persons in those circumstances.

His religious sentiments were rational and catholic, being drawn from the gospel of Christ; in them he was ever steady, and though a friend to the rights of conscience and a free enquiry, he yet wished to avoid, in his common discourses, those nice and needless distinctions, which had too often proved detrimental to christian love and union.

It was happy for his country, that his early intention of devoting himself to the work of the gospel ministry, or the cares of that important office to which he was ever attentive, did not prevent his completing his character by an intimate acquaintance with other branches of science besides divinity, particularly with the classics. Upon their sparkling field he pleasingly roved from flower to flower, and finally became one of the most finished scholars of the present day.

He was a friend to learning, and to the university in which he was educated, and was a faithful member of the board of overseers. After the loss of Harvard hall, with the library and apparatus, by fire, in 1762, he exerted his extensive influence in procuring subscriptions to repair that loss. There having been a vacancy in the corporation in 1767, the Doctor was elected one of that board, and continued a very attentive, firm, and judicious member until his death.

His fame for literary accomplishments, and his character as a divine, became too great to be limited to his native country; it introduced him to the university of Edinburgh, from whence he was complimented with a diploma of Doctor in Divinity.

Dr. Cooper was an active member of the society for propagating the gospel among the aborigines of America; the work was pleasing to his benevolent mind, and he was ever watchful that the pious intentions of the donors in those charities should not be disappointed.

When his country had asserted her right to independence, he was anxious to lay a foundation for the encouragement

ment of useful arts, and the growth of the sciences in this land of civil liberty. In his opinion knowledge, as a handmaid to virtue, was necessary to support free governments and promote publick happiness. He was therefore one of the foremost in forwarding the plan on foot, in 1780, for establishing an American academy of arts and sciences; and this society, from a sense of his literary merits, elected him their first vice president.

To his acquaintance with divinity, and the other branches of science, were added a just knowledge of the nature and design of government, and the rights of mankind.—The gospel taught him to wish and promote their happiness, and the shining examples of the first ministers of this Commonwealth in the cause of their country, were ever before his eyes.

He well knew that tyranny opposes itself to religious as well as civil liberty; and being among the first who perceived the injustice and ruinous tendency of those measures of the British court, which at length obliged the Americans, to defend their rights with the sword, this Reverend Patriot was among the first who took an early and decided part in the politics of his country.

He did what he could, not only by his prevailing address, his counsels and advice, but by his pen, in conjunction with other distinguished patriots, to alarm the sleepy, animate the timid, support the sufferer, encourage the warrior, and unite the people.

The abilities and steadiness thus manifested in this glorious cause, endeared him to his country, and he was esteemed, consulted and confided in by some of the principal leaders in the opposition.—The success of it lay near his heart, and he regarded as friends all who aided it, whether here or in Europe.

He did much to obtain foreign alliances, and his letters were read with great satisfaction, by the ministry of Versailles, whilst men of the most distinguished characters in Europe became his correspondents.

When France made a proffer of her friendship in the most disinterested manner, and became the sup-
porter of

our freedom and independence, it was necessary to subdue the prejudices against that nation which Britain had early sown in New England, as also to conciliate the habits and manners of the two nations—Dr. Cooper appeared as one peculiarly formed by heaven for this happy purpose.

He possessed an elevation of thought, a delicacy of sentiment, and quickness of apprehension, which, united with an elegance of manners, and the most engaging address, never failed of engaging the attention and giving pleasure to the most respectable circles. Noblemen of the first distinction in Europe and fame for their literary accomplishments, having been by the course of the late war brought to America, were fond of being introduced to him; when they had once seen him, they coveted an intimate acquaintance.

The great friendship subsisting between him, Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, was one means of his being known in France; and the gentlemen coming from that kingdom were generally recommended to him by those ambassadors.

When the fleets of his Most Christian Majesty have adorned our harbour, he was always the confidential friend of the gentlemen who commanded; and the many officers and subjects of that august and beloved Monarch who visited him, were ever received with an ease and cordiality that was pleasing, and highly endeared him to them.

When the civil constitution of this Commonwealth, in which he had some share, was formed and approved of by the people, he was, according to the custom of the country, called upon to introduce it with a sermon: This discourse, with others of his writings, have been printed in several languages, and are some specimens of his singular abilities.

The nature of his illness, which from the first he apprehended would be his last, was such as rendered him some part of the time incapable of conversation. He had, however, intervals of recollection: At these times he informed his friends that he

was perfectly reconciled to whatever Heaven should appoint, willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord; that his hopes and consolations sprang from a belief of those evangelical truths which he had preached to others; that he wished not to be detained any longer from that higher state of perfection and happiness which the gospel had opened to his view.

He declared his great satisfaction in seeing his country in peace, and possessed of freedom and independence; and his hopes, that by their virtue and publick spirit, they would shew

the world that they were not unworthy those inestimable blessings.

With the tenderest expressions of love and kindness to his near connections and friends and the dear people of his charge, who always shewed him every mark of their love and esteem, he closed this mortal life, and has, we trust, entered into the joys of his LORD.

Thus lived and thus died, the great and amiable Doctor COOPER, and his death is a loss which *learning and religion, patriotism and friendship*, will long feel and lament.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

EXTRACTS from the FORESTERS: AN AMERICAN TALE.

[A work of genuine humour, originality and merit, just Published.]

British Ideas of Religious Conformity.

ABOUT the time in which these first attempts were making, and the fame of them had raised much jealousy among some, and much expectation among others, there happened a sad quarrel in *John Bull's* family. His mother,* poor woman, had been seized with hysterick fits, which caused her at times to be delirious and full of all sorts of whims. She had taken it into her head that every one of the family must hold knife and fork and spoon exactly alike; that they must all wash their hands and face precisely in the same manner; that they must sit, stand, walk, kneel, bow, spit, blow their noses, and perform every other animal function, by the exact rule of *uniformity*, which she had drawn up with her own hand, and from which they were not allowed to vary one hair's breadth. If any one of the family complained of a lame ankle or stiff knee, or had the crick in his neck, or happened to cut his finger, or was any other way so disabled as not to perform his duty to a tittle, she was so far from making the least allowance, that she would frown and scold and rave like a bedlamite; and John was such an obedient son to his mother, that he would lend her

his hand to box their ears, or his foot to kick their backsides, for not complying with her humours. This way of proceeding raised an uproar in the family; for though most of them complied, either through affection for the old lady, or through fear of some other motive, yet others looked sour and grumbled; some would openly find fault and attempt to demonstrate, but they were answered with a kick or a thump, or a cat's nine tails, or shut up in a dark garret 'till they promised a compliance. Such was the logick of the family in those days! *Spirit of Persecuting Intolerance in America.*

JOHN CODLINE's† family grew, and he settled his sons as fast as they became of age, to live by themselves; and when any of his old acquaintance came to see him, he bade them welcome, and was their very good friend, *as long as they continued to be of his mind*, and no longer; for he was a very pragmatical sort of a fellow, and loved to have his own way in every thing. This was the cause of a quarrel between him and *Roger Carrier*,‡ for it happened that Roger had taken a fancy to dip his head into water,§ as the most effectual way of washing his face, and thought it could not be made

* The Church of England.—† Massachusetts.—‡ Rhode Island.—§ Anabaptists.

made so clean in any other way. John, who used the common way of taking water in his hand, to wash his face, was displeased with Roger's innovation, and remonstrated against it. The remonstrance had no other effect, than to fix Roger's opinion more firmly, and as a farther improvement on his new plan, he pretended that no person ought to have his face washed till he was capable of doing it himself, without any assistance from his parents. John was out of patience with this addition, and plumply told him, that if he did not reform his principles and practice, he would fine him, or flog him, or kick him out of doors. These threats put Roger on inventing other odd and whimsical opinions. He took offence at the letter X, and would have had it expunged from the alphabet. He would not do his duty at a military muster, because there was an X in the colours. After a while he began to scruple the lawfulness of bearing arms, and killing wild beasts. But, poor fellow! the worst of all was, that being seized with a shaking palsy, which affected every limb and joint of him, his speech was so altered that he was unable to pronounce certain letters and syllables as he had been used to do. These oddities and defects rendered him more and more disagreeable to his old friend, who, however, kept his temper as well as he could, till one day, as John was saying a long grace over his meat, Roger kept his hat on the whole time. As soon as the ceremony was over, John took up a case knife from the table, and gave Roger a blow on the ear with the broad side of it, then with a rising stroke turned off his hat. Roger said nothing, but taking up his hat put it on again; at which John broke out into such a passionate speech as this—"You impudent scoundrel! Is it come to this! Have I not borne with your whims and fidgets these many years, and yet they grow upon you? Have I not talked with you time after time, and proved to you as plain as the nose in your face that your notions are wrong? Have I not ordered you to leave them off, and warned you of the consequence, and yet you have gone on from bad

to worse? You began with dipping your head into water, and would have all the family do the same, pretending there was no other way of washing the face. You would have had the children go dirty all their days, under pretence that they were not able to wash their own faces, and so they must have looked like the pigs till they were grown up. Then you would talk your own balderdash—*linguo, thee and thou, and nan forsooth*—and now you must keep your hat on when I am at my devotions, and I suppose would be glad to have the whole family do the same! There is no bearing with you any longer—so now hear me, I give you fair warning, if you don't mend your manners, and retract your errors, and promise reformation, I'll kick you out of the house. I'll have no such refractory fellows here: I came into this forest for reformation, and reformation I will have."

"Friend John (said Roger) dost not thou remember when thou and I lived together in friend Bull's family, how hard thou didst think it to be compelled to look on thy book all the time that the hooded chaplain was reading the prayers, and how many knocks and thumps thou and I had for offering to use our liberty, which we thought we had a right to? Didst thou not come hitherunto for the sake of enjoying thy liberty, and did not I come to enjoy mine? Wherefore then dost thou assume to deprive me of the right which thou claimest for thyself?"

"Don't tell me (answered John) of right and of liberty—you have as much liberty as any man ought to have. You have liberty to do right, and no man ought to have liberty to do wrong."

"Who is to judge (replied Roger) what is right or what is wrong? ought not I to judge for myself? or, thinkest thou it is thy place to judge for me?"

"Who is to be judge (said John) why *the book* is to be judge—and I have proved by the book over and over again that you are wrong, and therefore you are wrong; and you have no liberty to do any thing but what is right." "But

"But friend John (said Roger) who is to judge whether thou hast proved my opinions or conduct to be wrong—thou or I?"

"Come, come, (said John) not so close neither—none of your idle distinctions: I *say* you are in the wrong, I have *proved* it, and *you know* it; you have sinned against *your own conscience*, and therefore you deserve to be cut off as an incorrigible heretick."

"How dost thou know (said Roger) that I have sinned against my own con-

science? canst thou search the heart?"

At this John was so enraged that he gave him a smart kick on the posterior, and bade him be gone out of his house, and off his lands, and called after him to tell him, that if ever he should catch him there again he would knock his brains out. Roger, having experienced the logic of the foot, applied to the seat of honour, walked off, with as much *meekness* as human nature is capable of, on such occasions.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY REVIEW of NEW AMERICAN BOOKS.

The History of New-Hampshire. Volume III. Containing a Geographical Description of the State; with Sketches of its Natural History, Productions, Improvements, and Present State of Society and Manners, Laws and Government. By Jeremy Belknap, A. M. Printed at Boston, by Belknap & Young. Price 9s.

[Concluded from page 325.]

THE ninth chapter of this volume, [*Soil, Cultivation and Husbandry*], is equally useful for the labourer, and pleasing to the naturalist. After giving an account of the various kinds of soil, which are distinguished by the trees growing upon them, our Author acquaints us with an improvement in the mode of cultivating and clearing new lands. "Forty years ago it was thought impossible to raise Indian corn without the plough and the hoe. The mode of planting among burnt logs was practised with great success at *Gilmanton*, about the year 1762, and this easy method of culture soon became universal in the new plantations."

This is worthy of attention, as it encouraged many to settle the new townships, who cheerfully engaged in the work of subduing the wilderness, whilst they were laying the foundation of a future profit. Agriculture, as is well observed, is, and always will be the chief business of the people of New-Hampshire. The observation may be extended to the inhabitants of almost every State in the Union, who will do every thing to promote it, if they consult their true interests. We rejoice in the diffusion of that spirit which hath given birth to some excellent institutions for

the promotion of science and arts, agriculture, manufactories, commerce, and other improvements of social life.

C H A P. X.

Native Animals.

The publick are much obliged to the Author for this collection. The curious account of the beaver cannot be abridged, and is too long for an extract. Some facts are mentioned which are new, with striking observations.

There is also a good description of the *Moose*. An affecting story of a little child falling a prey to the bear we cannot refrain from extracting. It happened at Moultonborough, 1787.

A boy of eight years old, son of a Mr. Leach, was sent to a pasture, towards the close of the day, to put out a horse, and bring home the cows. His father being in a neighbouring field, heard a cry of distress, and running to the fence, saw his child lying on the ground, and a bear standing by him. He seized a stake, and crept along, with a view to get between the bear and the child. The bear took the child by the throat, and drew him into the bushes. The father pursued till he came up, and aiming a stroke at the bear, the stake broke in his hand; and the bear, leaving his prey, turned upon the parent, who, in the anguish of his soul, was obliged to retreat, and call for help. Before any sufficient help could be obtained the evening was so far advanced, that a search was impracticable. The night was passed by the family in the utmost

utmost distress. The neighbours assembled, and at break of day, renewed the pursuit. The child's hat, and the bridle, which he had dropped, were found, and they tracked his blood about forty rods, when they discovered the mangled corps. The throat was torn, and one thigh devoured. Whilst they were standing round the body, the bear roled from behind a log. Three guns were fired at the same instant, which dispatched him; and a fire was immediately kindled, in which he was consumed. This was a male bear, of about three years old.

The trade of New-Hampshire is accurately stated. He observes likewise, the benefit of building ships in places so well calculated for the business, and the propriety of encouraging the fisheries. "The fishing banks are an inexhaustible source of wealth, and the fishing business an excellent nursery for seamen."

The mines of Peru are less valuable; for if we make calculations of gold and silver we must connect an idea of slavery and the destruction of our fellow creatures, but with *these* we may grow rich; and they contribute equally to the subsistence and employment of people, and to national strength and prosperity.

CHAP. XI.

Of Caverns.

Mr. B. observes that this chapter must be imperfect, as many parts of the country are yet unexplored. Doubtless our knowledge of this kind will be much increased; but he hath mentioned some things, which claim our immediate notice—a particular description of a cavern at Cheller is given by Mr. French, a young Gentleman lately deceased.

"At about five miles distance from Cheller meeting house, and very near the road leading to Concord, is an eminence called rattle snake hill. Its base is nearly circular, and about half a mile in diameter. It is very ragged, especially on the southern side; where it is almost perpendicular; and its summit frowns tremendous, about 400 feet high. In this side, at the height of ten yards, is an aperture in the rocks, of about five feet high, and twenty inches broad; which is the entrance to what is called the *Devil's den*; concerning which, many frightful stories are told, to increase the terrors of the evening, among the children of the neighbouring villages; and indeed I have observed the eyes of men assume a peculiar brightness, while recounting the imaginary dangers which they had there fortunately escaped.

This entrance is about six feet long; it then contracts its height to two feet and a half, and displays its breadth horizontally on the right, fifteen feet; where it is irregularly lost among the contiguous rocks. This form of the cavity continues about ten feet; when it suddenly becomes about eight feet high, and three wide; the sides perpendicular, continuing thus about *nine* feet. In the midway of which, on the same plane, and nearly at right angles on the left, is an aperture of five feet high and four wide, which continues ten or twelve feet, where it is lost irregularly among the rocks. Opposite to this, on the right, lies a spacious chamber, parallel to the said plane; elevated about four feet, fifteen or twenty feet square, and about three feet high; floored and ceiled by a regular rock, from the upper part of which are dependent many excrescences, nearly in the form of a pear, some of which are more than an inch long; but there is a much greater number of every possible inferior size; these are easily separable from the rock, and several of them are deposited in the museum at Cambridge, where they are shown for petrified water. Their colour and consistence are those of a common stone; but when approached in the cave with a flambeau, they throw about a sparkling lustre of almost every hue. This appearance is caused by a large drop of water, which hangs about the end of each; and when the echo of its fall has reverberated round the vault, another begins to kindle in succession.

At the end of the above mentioned *nine* feet, is a perpendicular descent of about four feet; where the passage, becoming not more than eighteen inches wide, but at least fifteen feet high, and still nearly perpendicular, bends gently to the right, in an arch of a very large circle, for about thirty feet; where eight or nine feet of the height falls into breadth, and all in seven or eight feet more is lost among the rocks, in inconsiderable chinks.

The general direction of this cave is nearly north, and upon an ascent of about three degrees. The cavity is terminated by rocks, on all sides; save that the above mentioned thirty feet has a gravelly bottom, at the farther end of which rises a small rivulet, strongly impregnated with sulphur. This rivulet increases imperceptibly in its descent, along the thirty feet; when it falls suddenly into a transverse chink, about three inches wide, which receives it perpendicularly about ten feet; when the little subterraneous cascade is intercepted by some thin lip of a rock, and thrown about in quite a merry strain, for such a solitary mansion.

The rocks which wall this narrow passage, are cased with a shell of a reddish colour, about half an inch thick; which is easily separable from the rock, in flakes as large as a man's hand. These flakes emit

a strong scent of sulphur, when thrown into the fire; and this circumstance has given rise to a conjecture, that subterraneous fires have formerly raged here; but whatever truth there may be in this opinion, the cave is now exceedingly cold, and a more gloomy situation is scarcely imaginable."

There is also in this chapter, an account of a rock in Durham, weighing 60 or 70 tons, besides other objects of curiosity and use, though of less amazement. The lapis specularis is found in various parts of the country.

Chapters 12 and 13, contain a great deal of information.

Chapter 14, affords many excellent observations, pointing out the mistakes of European writers, and some useful tables at the end.

Chapter 15, is a very important part of this history, as it gives the political character, genius, &c. of the people.

He appears to write with impartiality, and his description is in a very sprightly and entertaining style. In a few words the reader is presented with a faithful picture of their manners.

Chapter 16, is properly arranged, being an account of their constitution, laws, revenue and militia. It is concise and perspicuous.

C H A P. XVII.

Education, Literature, Religion and a very valuable table, collected with much care and industry.

C H A P. XVIII.

This excellent chapter, filled with good advice to the people, displays the Author's good sense and benevolence of heart, and it forms a very proper conclusion to the work.

The picture of a happy society is justly drawn and must be pleasing to every reader.

Where I to form a picture of happy society, it would be a town consisting of a due mixture of hills, valleys and streams of water: The land well fenced and cultivated; the roads and bridges in good repair; a decent inn for the refreshment of travellers, and for publick entertainments: The inhabitants mostly husbandmen; their wives and daughters domestick manufacturers; a suitable proportion of handicraft workmen and two or three traders; a physician and lawyer, each of whom should have a farm for his support. A clergyman of any denomination, which should be agreeable to the majority, a man of good understanding, of a candid disposition and ex-

emplary morals; not a metaphysical, nor a polemick, but a serious and practical preacher. A school master who should understand his business and teach his pupils to govern themselves. A social library, annually increasing, and under good regulation. A club of sensible men, seeking mutual improvement. A decent musical society.—No intriguing politician, horse jockey, gambler or sot; but all such characters treated with contempt. Such a situation may be considered as the most favourable to social happiness of any which this world can afford.

In the Appendix are some valuable letters illustrating the History of New-Hampshire, to which allusion is made in the course of the narration.

Also a collection of State Papers, referring to important affairs at different periods. No. 31, is a letter from General Lincoln to the Author, upon the migration of fishes, well worthy of a place in a natural history of this country. No. 32, is upon the same subject. The Rev. Mr. Little confirms the ideas of General Lincoln "that the river fish always return to the rivers and ponds where they were spawned." No. 33, is a letter upon *population*, in which a most accurate method of calculation is introduced. We think this letter is as useful and well written as any in the collection, and hope due attention will be paid to it in other publications.

Upon the whole, we have perused this 3d volume of the History of New-Hampshire with uncommon pleasure, and we hesitate not to recommend it to readers of every description. The other volumes abound in much real information, and we were entertained by the variety of incidents, lively anecdotes, and very judicious remarks so frequently to be met with, and which give a beauty and spirit to the narration; but the particular attention he hath paid to natural history, the very accurate description of the country; his account of improvements which have been, or may be made, in agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and his view of men; and excellent advice to the people of New-Hampshire, render this volume more curious, important and entertaining than the other two, doing all justice to *their* merit.

We

We shall not make an apology to the publick for the length of our review. From the extracts we have given they will judge of this work, one of the largest of our American publications, which deserves attention as doing credit to the country, as well as the Author.

This history will greatly assist the writers of other publications. No work of the geography or natural history of this country will be complete till men in every state, who are diligent and accurate observers, describe some part within the sphere of their own observations. From gen-

eral views we never can obtain just intelligence. Hence every attempt of this kind hath been superficial and imperfect, and hath frustrated the expectations of the reader.

We wish the Author of the History of New-Hampshire every encouragement in the pursuit of knowledge; the approbation of the publick must afford him satisfaction; and his increasing reputation, among judges of literary merit, be some compensation for his pains and labour in compiling and writing so many volumes. We cannot pay him too great a tribute of respect for his *zeal* and industry.

AMUSING ANECDOTES.

AFTER one of those skirmishes, in which the *Americans* had been successful, an *English* officer was left dangerously wounded on the field of action. *General Putnam*, who had been bred a Carpenter, immediately threw off his regimentals, and constructed a cradle, in which the wounded officer was conveyed with ease, to an adjacent hospital.

When *Putnam* heard of his recovery, and that it was owing to his humane care, without which he must have bled to death in the removal, he exclaimed, *then I glory more in having been bred a carpenter than if I had have been born a prince.*

COUNT DILLON, commander of the *Irish brigade*, at the siege of *Savannah*, being anxious to signalize his regiment, proposed a reward of 100 guineas, to the first of his grenadiers that should plant a fascine in the fosse, which was exposed to the whole fire of the garrison. Not one offered to advance. The Count, in a paroxysm of disappointment, began to upbraid them with cowardice. The sergeant Major nobly replied, had you not, Sir, have held out a sum of money as the temptation, your grenadiers would one and all have presented themselves. They did so instantly, and out of 194 of which that company consisted, only 90 returned alive.

Epigram of Garrick, the celebrated Actor.

MR. GARRICK was charged with mispronouncing some words including the letter *i*, as *furm* for *firm*, *virtue* for *virtue*; and others with respect to the letter *e*, as *Hurcules* for *Hercules*; or *ea*, as *urib* for *earth*. These little inaccuracies furnished an indefatigable pamphleteer with an opportunity for making a sixpenny touch, called "A petition of I to David Garrick, Esq. in behalf of herself and her sisters." [Printed London 1769] Its publication occasioned the following epigram.

"If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injur'd a letter,
(the better:
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for
May the just right of letters, as well as of
men, (pen;
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the
Most devoutly I wish that they both have
their due,
And that I may be never mistaken for U."

THE celebrated Lord Kaimes, for three or four days before his death, was in a state of languor and debility. Some friend came in upon him, and found him dictating to a scribe. He expressed his surprise at this activity of mind when on the verge of dissolution. "Why, man, replied Lord Kaimes, would you have me stay with my tongue in my cheek, till death comes to fetch me."

SEAT



SEAT of the MUSES.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

STANZAS.

To the Philanthropic Society, London, whose benevolent institution educates, apprentices, and leads to honest life, the hapless orphans of condemned criminals.

AMID that prevalence of various crime,
Which broods upon the dark abyss of
time, [earth,
And hurries thousands from the face of
'Tis noble, godlike, yes! it is divine,
'To bring their wretched offspring into
birth,

And bid them in the path of virtue shine.

Is there a boon, the gift of gracious heav'n,
To men, and not to angels ever-giv'n,

It is that luxury, the least indeed of God,
Which leads the sinner from perdition's
path, [road,

Guides his frail footstep up salvation's
And midway checks the bolt of moral
wrath.

Be steadfast--quit yourselves like men--and
from the nest

Of vice, where many a phoenix takes his rest,
Though unembalm'd by odorous name--
Rear a young tribe, who fledg'd in virtue's

rays, [blaze
Shall spread their wings--and basking in its
Forever feel the sun enkindled flame.

L.

ODE to YOUTH.

BLITHSOME goddess! sprightly youth,
Source of innocence and truth,

Fairest virtues form thy train,
Choiceest blessings crown thy reign.

As thy op'ning charms advance,
See them all around thee dance;

See them all around thee bow,
Weaving garlands for thy brow;

Health presents her ruddy face;

Pique offers adlive grace;

Mirth bestows her harmless wiles,

Sportive frolics--cheerful smiles;

Beauty from her genial springs,
On thy lap her treasure flings:

These combine to deck thy mien,
And on thy placid front are seen;

Nature brings her purest fires,
Love that glows with chaste desires;

Friendship undebas'd by art,

Landour's unsuspecting heart;

These in simple colours dress,
Grace the mirror of thy breast;
Genius gives the tuneful quire;
Thine the harp and thine the lyre;
Thine the poet's glowing themes,
Thine are fancy's purest dreams;
Thine are music's softest powers;
Thine are life's harmonious hours;
Thine the jocund spirits gay,
Dancing suns that round thee play;
Hope that e'er'y wish supplies,
Thoughtless ease that care denies;
Virtue's pleasures half divine,
These, enchanting youth, are thine.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE, EXTRACTS from the ZENITH of GLORY: A MANUSCRIPT ODE.

Sir Peter Parker's and General Clinton's
Attack on Fort Sullivan, 1776.

SIR Peter, loos'd the belling sail;
His Squadron caught the rising gale,
And swept the watry plain:
With them, in pride of warlike force,
Brave Clinton shap'd an equal courie,
For Charleston's rich domain.

Forth from the camp with rapid haste,
Athwart a sunburnt, sultry waste,
Lee's chosen columns sped:
Nor swifter posts the rushing feed
When urg'd along with doubling speed,
Earth scarcely feels him tread.

Now past the shelving sand form'd bar,
At once began the storm of war
Wild pouring on in flame.
Here Parker's call, the tar inspir'd,
There Moultrie's voice his soldiers fir'd,
And Jasper purchas'd fame.

On purpled billows slaughter rode.
From deck to deck fell carnage strode.
Death fought the bold--the brave.
Heav'n, earth and sea were veil'd in smoke,
Shells, mortars, cannon, raging broke,
Borne upward from the wave.

In vain the toil--firm, unsubdued,
The strong Palmetoe tow'ring stood,
From dawn, till darkling night:
When the whitest ensign's given sign,
Recall'd the shatter'd, sinking line,
And clos'd the horrid fight.

Defeat

Defeat of the Hessian at Trenton, by his Excellency General Washington, in person.

SWIFT as the bolt of unseen wrath
That sudden fires the blazing path,
Thy arm their camps assail'd.
Nor frost, nor hail, nor drifts of snow,
Nor ice cap moulds secure the foe,
At Trenton's post impal'd.
Thence gallant *Rebelle* by op'ning dawn,
Indignant led his forces on.
Landspatsh unsheath'd the sword.
And grim *Knypphausen's* columns rose,
On glory's field to meet their foes,
Who first to battle pour'd.
Here *Sullivan* in *Mar's* own form,
With potent pow'r drove back the storm--
The covert town they sought.
There *Greene* the rising fight renew'd,
From post to post, his foe pursued,
And as a lion fought.

Rank prest on rank recoil'd.
Affright, confusion, panick foil'd,
The bugbears of a world.
Triumphant vict'ry mark'd the hour.
And kneeling low to freedom's pow'r,
Proud *Hesse* the standard fur'd.

Thrice glorious morn, the first in fame!
Let trumpets swell with loud acclaim,
To *Washington* all praise.

His seeing eye inform'd the whole.
His spirit breath'd one living soul:
And quench'd *Germania's* rays.

But chief o'er all let this be told,
Truth, write it fair in vivid gold,
Time, hang the tablet high,
No prison ship with shark like jaw,
Op'd wide the life insatiate jaw,
And bade the captive die:

No *Manfield* dipt his pen in blood,
Commanding monsters of the flood,
To lash them down to fight.
No *Wallace*, tyrant of a deck,
Bound the torn pris'ner heels and neck,
Who dar'd dispute the right:

No Congress edict forc'd the band,
To *India's* pestilential land,
Condemn'd to always roam,
In one eternal round of toil,
Mid *Sumatra*, or *Java's* isle,
Where hell has made its home:

No goaler rais'd the scourge of pain,
Their compact ties to rend in twain,
Nor grinding famine drove
To black despair:--nor burst the heart
From poison mix'd with deadly art.
Nor hangmen halters rove.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

V E R S E S.

Composed in the night, on being awakened by a Serenade.

GENTLE dreams with silent pleasure
Softly o'er the fancy creep;
Briskly beats each pulse to measure,
While I awake from downy sleep.

Hark! 'tis musick, 'tis enchantment!
Musick warbles o'er the string;
Gently floating undulations
Waft it round on balmy wing.

Every nerve obeys the motion,
Sweetly moves the passing sound;
Lightly borne on midnight silence
Loves and graces dance around.

Far away the musick hastens,
Scarce the fading strains I hear;
Every note, like breath of zephyr,
Gently strikes the listening ear.

Gentle dreams with silent pleasure
Softly o'er the fancy creep;
Gently beats each pulse to measure,
While I sink again to sleep.

ZURICKS.

May 29, 1792.

S O N G.

HOW much superiour beauty awes,
The coldest bosoms find;
But with resistless force it draws,
To sense and virtue join'd.

The casket, where to outward show,
The artist's hand is teen,
Is doubly valu'd when we know,
It holds a gem within.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

SONNET to the RED BREAST.

MELODIOUS tenant of the leafy spray,
Thy plaintive musick soothes my
lonely hour, [tain grey,
When, as meek twilight spreads its cur-
I seek retirement's solitary bower.

The gayer songsters of the feather'd train
With day's declining radiance have fled;
Nor swell in variant lays their woodland
strain, [ny bed.
But stretch their tir'd wings o'er their dwe-

And thou alone, of all the tuneful choir,
Remain'st to cheer the evening with a song,
Whose artless notes such pleasing thoughts
inspire

I wish thee still their warblings to prolong;
With joy their livelier mimicry I hear;
And with each sad tone shed a softer tear.

ALOUETTE.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

SOMETHING, in the PETERLIN MOOD.

Occasioned by reading a late presentment of a Southern Grand Jury, that no public inconvenience, nor prevailing immorality, existed within the limits of their knowledge.

I.

SURE, little knowledge was to you assign'd--
Or else perhaps from birth born blind.
Ye

Ye could not look on human kind,
As oft they strike upon the seeing eye:
And as at distance wide, this searching mind
Without a telescope can well descry.

II.

'Tis possible within your favour'd bound,
Some roads or bridges might be found,
Which, as old time keeps turning round,
Must need a Jury's helping hand,
To cleanse, repair, or even build anew;
And was there nought in earth or sea to do,
The monstrous rats* that over run the
land,
Far greater plagues than Egypt's swarms of
frogs,†
And num'rous as the lice on ark penn'd
Are publick inconvenience mighty, great,
Enough to eat the very heart of state.

III.

Or had you, Sirs, in sober morning walk,
Fresh from the pocket took a pound of
chalk;
And minuted on board, the idle talk
O'er slings, grog, juleps, bitters, drams,
And noontide sips, and evening bowls,
Or scratch'd one half the host of damns,
Of bucks and bloods and jolly souls,
There might have been a catalogue of evils,
At least so large, as to prevent the speech,
That not within your noddle's reach,
Came any graceless works, yclep'd the de-
vils.

IV.

Again, it being at the northward known,
How ministers oft pray alone,
And preach to walls, whose hollow moan,
Resounds the pastor's simple whine:
Suppose, regard for Sabbath's future day,
Had led you on in our good way,
The studious care of things divine,
It had been better, sure, than this sad lie,
That nothing wicked reigns beneath your
sky.

V.

Beside, from Africk's distant wave,
Full well I ween, some hapless slave,
The driver's lash has caus'd to rave,
As rattling down his back,
These scoundrels drive an iron steed:
Now had you built a county hack
For all the accursed, viper breed,
Or hinted, that in time to come, such
brats,
Should swing in pairs, like cross'd ty'd cats,
Why then in troth, right moral sirs,
This woeful ditty had not stunn'd your ears.

VI.

When summon'd next, to sit, look big,
And taking off your sweat drench'd wig,
Become oracular as learned pig.
First rise betimes and take a pop,
In Mr. Scrip's auger stable;
Examine sharp the soldier's death shop;
And having trudg'd, if sirs, you're able,

* *The Forester's name for Speculators.*

† *The Jewish Rabbins say, that the lice
saved themselves in the flood, by riding a
peg.*

To billiards, cogg'd dies, horse race, cock
fight, [white:
Then swear, the blackest black birds all are
LITTLE PETER.

AUTHENTICK COPY of Mr. JACK- ET's WILL.

Proved at Doctor's Commons.

I GIVE and I bequeath,
When I'm laid underneath,
To my two loving sisters most dear,*
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted me
here.
And that none may prevent,
My will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law racket;
With a solemn appeal,
I confirm sign and seal,
The true act and deed of *Will Jackett*.

* *Elizabeth and Anne.*

STANZAS ON GRIEF.

BENEATH the touch of common woe,
How soon our sorrows learn to flow;
Hark in what sadly moving strains,
The tongue of alter'd fate complains!
See at each pause adorn the face,
Soft tears of anguish steal a pace;
But from the eloquence of grief,
The heart complacent finds relief;
And as the stream of sorrow glides,
The source from which it flows subsides!
But see the wretch condemn'd to bear
Intolerable weight of care,
Convuls'd in agony he stands,
Fix'd are his eyes—and clasp'd his hands;
No soft complaint his grief supplies,
Nor finds a channel in his eyes;
His breast with hopeless anguish wrung,
He finds *despair* hath not a tongue.

A PATHETICK FRAGMENT.

By the late unfortunate Miss Whitman.

*****T**HY presents to some happier lover
send;
Content thyself to be Lucindia's friend;
The soft expressions of thy gay design,
I'll suit the sadness of a heart like mine;
A heart like mine, forever doom'd to prove,
Each tender woe—but not one joy of love.
First from my arms a dying lover torn,
In early life it was my fate to mourn;
A father next by fate's relentless doom
With heart felt woe I followed to the tomb;
Now all was lost—no friends remain to
guide, [tide.
My erring steps or calm life's boisterous
Again the admiring youths around me
bow'd,
And one I singled from the fighting crowd;
Well skill'd he was in every winning art,
To warm the fancy or to touch the heart;
Why

Why must the pen the noble praise deny,
Which virtue, worth, and honour should
supply.

O youth below'd—what pangs this breast
To find thee false, ungrateful and forsworn;
A stygian darkness o'er my prospects spread,
The damps of night and death's eternal
shade;

The scorpion sting by disappointment
And all the horrors of despairing thoughts;
Sail as they are I might perhaps endure,
And bear with patience what admits no
cure!

But here my bosom is to madness mov'd,
I suffer'd by the faults of him I lov'd;
O had I died by pitying heaven's decree,
Nor prov'd to black, to base a mind in thee;
But vain the wish, my breast was doom'd to
prove,

Each torturing pain, but not one joy of love;
Wouldst thou again fallacious prospects
spread,

And woo me from the confines of the dead?
The pleasing scenes that charm'd me once,
retrace,

Gay hours of rapture and perpetual bliss?
How did my heart admire the dear deceit,
And I myself request the pleasing cheat!
Delusive hope and wishes idly vain,
Unless to sharpen disappointment's pain!
Couldst thou in language like the blest a-
bove,

Paint to my views that paradise of love.

SONNET to GENERAL WASH- INGTON.

[By Dr. ATKIN.]

POINT of that pyramid whose solid base
Rests firmly founded on a nation's trusts;
Which while the gorgeous palace sinks
in dust,

Shall stand sublime and fill its ample space.
Elected chief of freemen! greater far
Than Kings whose glittering parts are
fix'd by birth,

Nam'd by thy country's voice for long tri'd
Her crown in peace, as once her shield in
war:

Deign, Washington! to hear a British lyre,
That ardent greets thee with applause
lays,

And to the Patriot Hero homage pays.
O would the muse immortal strains inspire,
That high beyond all Greek and Roman
fame,

Might soar to times unborn thy purer no-
bler name.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

L I N E S,

To a LADY pitted with the SMALL
POX.

LET those, who hope in equal strains to
sing
Beauty's full splendors in life's early spring,
At Celia gaze in all her charms arrayed,

Vol. IV. June, 1792.

G

And duly praise each excellence dis-
played.

The feeble muse, assur'd she else must fail,
Would sing those splendours, while they wear
a veil;

And dare to paint those charms, that claim
Then only when they shine with mildest
rays;

Assist'd thus, on bolder pinions soar,
And gain a height, she never hop'd be-
fore.

But vain the hope! such charms we still
may trace,

Each feature kindles with its former grace.
Celia is still herself; nor with the fair,
Can any but her former self compare.

Then cease bright nymph to think that
beauty lost,

Which others find so greatly to their cost.
Think not such charms by those few spots
undone,

A thousand spots could ne'er obscure the sun.
While we recall the conquests of that eye,
Whose power, the boldest never dared de-
fy,

Caught as we gaze, we feel its keenest dart
Piercing with deeper wounds the captive
heart.

But ev'n tho' all your groundless fears were
Tho' beauty ceased to meet the gazer's view,
Did you but speak, the ear would still ap-
prove,

And, ev'ry spot forgotten, we should love.
LEANDER.

THE MORALIST.

HARK the hollow moaning wind
Sweeps along the midnight air;
Sullen as the guilty mind,
Hidden source of dark despair.

See the death wing'd lightnings fly:
Desolation marks their way;
Fatal as the vengeful eye,
Fixing on its destin'd prey.

Dreadful Thunders threat'ning roll
Viewless, 'midst the turbid clouds;
So the fierce relentless soul,
Hate's empoison'd arrow shrouds.

See, the billowy ocean's breast,
Sway'd by every wav'ring wind;
Rises, roams, and sinks to rest,
Fickle, as the human mind.

Sweetly blooms the Rose of May,
Glitt'ring with the tears of morn;
So, insidious smiles betray,
While they hide the treach'rous thorn!

Mark gay Summer's glowing prime,
Shadow'd by the twilight gloom;
So, the ruthless wing of time
Bends the fairest, to the tomb.

Moralist! where'er you move,
O'er vast nature's varying plan;
Every changing scene shall prove,
A sad epitome of man.

LAURA MARIA.
ELEGY

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

ELEGY to PITY.

SWEET maid of aspect sad and tearful
 eye, [grief,
 Whose every thought is goodness mix'd with
 Whose breast, when misery calls, oft
 heaves the sigh, [relief!
 And whose kind hand oft gives the wish'd

Pure are the pleasures, pleasing are the
 pains, [abode;
 Of him whose breast thou mak'st thy soft
 He all the pride of ruthless wealth dis-
 dains,
 And boasts the nobler feelings of a God.

Come, heavenly maid, and fill my long-
 ing breast,
 Instruct these eyes with others' grief to flow,
 These ears to bend to misery's fond re-
 quest,
 This heart to melt at tales of human woe.

With thee what bliss to range the wide
 world o'er, [seek,
 Each son of want and wretchedness to
 On bleeding minds the healing balm to
 pour, [cheek.
 And wipe the tear from sorrow's faded

What tho' with thee nor noise nor frolick
 dwell;
 What tho' loud laughter never swell thy
 train!

Poor, is all pleasure but from acting well,
 And transient mirth oft yields to lasting
 pain.

Thy sighs are luxury and thy tears are
 bliss; [part;
 Come, lovely nymph, and all thyself im-
 Each joy, each pleasure I resign but this,
 To taste those griefs thou giv'st the feeling
 heart.

D. D.

Dartmouth College.

ODE, to JUNE.

IF on the favour'd sons of earth,
 Are such superiour gifts bestow'd,
 And man the moment of his birth,
 Basks in the suffrage of his God:
 If as the transient moments roll,
 That wake to life his genial powers,
 Whilst reason's rays illumine the soul,
 And health smiles on his earthly hours;
 Let heaven-born gratitude his breast inflame,
 To that superiour power, that plann'd the
 wond'rous frame.

'Tis he who bids the blooming spring,
 In all the pride of youth appear;
 Her annual buds and blossoms bring,
 That decorate the infant year;
 'Tis he who bids mild Summer's reign,
 With soft'ning warmth mature the soil;
 Pourtrays the form of fruits and grain,
 And animates the peasant's toil;
 Nor does the night its welcome aid refuse,
 But mitigates the heat with soft'ning dews.

Already has this whirling sphere
 Near half her revolution made;
 More gladd'ning prospects now appear,
 And plenty revels in the shade;
 The jocund youth with vacant mind,
 Enjoys the sweets the temp'rance brings;
 Beneath the hawthorn sits reclin'd,
 And with unfeigned rapture sings;
 Whilst o'er his head th' aspiring ash tree
 bends, [extends.
 And the wide spreading oak its ample shade

Now Summer's fervor rages round,
 The sun darts fierce his burning rays;
 The flocks now seek the covert ground,
 And nature pants beneath the blaze;
 But when cool ev'ning's moist'ning dews,
 Full grateful on the plains descend;
 Who can the pleasing walk refuse
 To share the converse of a friend?
 Where the rapt soul may genuine truths
 impart, [heart.
 Nor dare to speak what's foreign to the

ADDRESS to the EVENING STAR.

LUCID lamp of ray serene,
 Fav'rite star of beauty's queen,
 Splendid glory of the night,
 Spreading thro' the gloom delight;
 Common stars thy beams outline,
 More than argent Cynthia's thine;
 Guide me thro' yon lonely glade,
 To my fair, my lovely maid,
 Where the jocund train advance,
 Tripping in the sprightly dance;
 Cynthia soon will leave the sky,
 May thy beams her light supply!
 I ne'er robb'd of lamb's the fold,
 Nor the traveller of gold:
 Love's my crime—O! lend thy ray,
 Guide a lover on his way!
 May the star of Venus prove
 Friendly to the swains that love.

MARC ANTHONY.

The DYING CHILD.

Written by Mr. HOLLAND.

BESIDE the cradle where his infant lies,
 Behold the father! Mark his closing
 eyes; [place,
 His female friends enanguish'd, fly the
 As death's pale ensign opens o'er his face!
 Hope hangs her head—her magick coun-
 fels o'er;
 And resignation hails th' Elysian shore.
 The quiv'ring lip—short sigh—and icy hand
 Pronounce the grisly tyrant's dread de-
 mand.
 The cheeks no longer bloom—the roses fly,
 And with their little master mount the
 sky! [ceive,
 The parting breath the father's lips re-
 'Tis all his dying charmer has to give—
 Blest, balmy gift! to cheer his wounded
 soul,
 That eyes thee soaring 'bove the starry pole.

Th

The COQUETTE.

By Dr. HOULTON.

CORINNA, aged forty five,
Did not of marriage yet despair,
Tho' she her charms had kept alive
A dozen years, by art and care.

Full oft she a many generous youth
Had trick'd and treated with disdain,
But now she wish'd in earnest truth,
To add a link to Hymen's chain.

To Strephon, then, who, day and night,
Did heretofore sincerely woo,
She condescended thus to write,
'You've conquer'd, Sir, I yield to you.'

Strephon, whose mind sweet peace possess'd,
Who long had ceas'd to love and sigh,
Gave quick for answer thus address'd,
"Read it, Corinna, and apply.

The rising sun I've oft admir'd,
Till pleasure has to rapture grown,
His noontide beams my breast have fir'd,
With glowing bliss, to words unknown.

But Sol, so bright, at eve declines,
When all men see his course is run,
With ruddy face still, still he shines,
But ah! his heat and beams are gone."

She read—she paus'd—Reflection's glass,
Quick as the forked light'ning's dart,
Show'd her with painted haggard face,
O sad conviction to her heart!

No more at balls or routs she's seen,
No more each borrow'd art she tries,
A victim now to hips and spleen,
All day she hides, all night she sighs.

Then let not slip, ye lovely fair! [date,
Youth's prime, and Beauty's blissful
To generous lovers be sincere,
Lest you should meet Corinna's fate.

ODE to SLEEP.

*Written at Midnight, by WM. PARSONS,
Esquire.*

NOW ebon shades obscure the room,
And no kind rays the scene illumine,
Save through the pain in languid streams
The wan moon sheds her yellow beams,
With chequer'd radiance decks the ground,
And gently gilds the gloom around,
At this lone hour, when midnight reigns
With silence o'er the twilight plains,
While drowsy birds forget to sing,
No echos in the forest ring;
No zephyr through the valley blows,
But all is hush'd in deep repose;
Shall I alone sad vigils keep,
Why dost thou fly me, gentle sleep?
O'ercome with toil, the cottag'd swain
Is sure thy partial smiles to gain;
On harry bed outstretch'd he lies,

And ready slumbers close his eyes:
E'en the poor sea boy on the mast
Thou deign'st to lock in fetters fast,
Tho' round him blows the whistling gale,
And rattling shrouds his ears assail,
Nor dost thou to the slave refuse
The balm of thine oblivious dews;
He, yielding to thy welcome sway,
Flies from his tyrant far away,
Escapes the scourge and galling chains,
And temporary freedom gains.
Lo! where with weight of sorrows prest,
Pale grief reclines and sinks to rest;
E'en pining care forgets his woes,
And pain to thee a respite owes,
Love only thou forsak'st, O sleep,
Love only wakes—and wakes to weep!
Once thou wert wont unsought to shed
Thy peaceful poppies on my head;
But since my Stella's angel charms
Have fill'd my soul with soft alarms;
Sadly I waste the night in sighs,
And no kind slumbers close mine eyes.
Oh come! diffuse thine influence bland,
Steal on my sense with downy hand;
And Morpheus, on thy friendly wing
Some sweetly soothing vision bring.
I ask not dreams of high renown,
The poet's wreath, or Monarch's crown,
Or to deform the fancied plain
With clouds of smoke, and hills of slain;
Far, far, such awful forms remove
From him who only thinks of love:
But bear me to some vernal scene,
Empurpled mead, or alley green,
Where o'er fam'd Arno's gentle tide
The dark pines wave their umbrage wide,
And bring my Stella to my mind,
Ah! bring her fair—and bring her kind!

SONNET.

By Mrs. ROBINSON.

NIGHT's dewy orb, that o'er yon lim-
pid stream,
Its silent light in soft refulgence throws;
Yon limpid stream, whose quiv'ring bo-
som shows;
The tender radiance of the silv'ry beam;
Yon tangled wood, whose high and waving
head [source;
Hangs o'er the dashing torrent a frothy
Which wildly bounding from its pebbly bed,
Through the lone valley winds its dimpling
course:

Have oft, full oft, been witness to my woe,
When cold neglect, false hopes, and jea-
lous fears,
The ruby drops that in my bosom glow,
With icy touch transform'd to crystal
tears:

Dear precious gems, still shall your rays
impart,
The brightest lustre of the feeling heart.

COLLECTION

COLLECTION OF PUBLICK ACTS, PAPERS, &c.

[Continued from page 335.]

No. XXXIX.

An ACT providing for the settlement of the claims of persons under particular circumstances barred by the limitations heretofore established.

BE it enacted by the SENATE and HOUSE of REPRESENTATIVES of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the operation of the resolutions of the late Congress of the United States passed on the second day of November, one thousand seven hundred and eighty five, and the twenty third day of July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty seven, so far as they have barred, or may be construed to bar the claims of any officer, soldier, artificer, sailor or marine of the late army or navy of the United States, for personal services rendered to the United States, in the military or naval department, shall, from and after the passing of this act, be suspended, for and during the term of two years. And that every such officer, soldier, artificer, sailor and marine having claims for services rendered to the United States, in the military or naval departments, who shall exhibit the same for liquidation, at the treasury of the United States, at any time during the said term of two years, shall be intitled to an adjustment, and allowance thereof, on the same principles, as if the same had been exhibited, within the term prescribed by the aforesaid resolutions of Congress: *Provided*, that nothing herein shall be construed to extend to claims for rations or subsistence money.

And be it further enacted, That no balances hereafter to be certified, as due from the United States, shall be registered in any other name, than that of the original claimant, or of his heirs, executors or administrators; and such balances shall be transferable only at the treasury, by virtue of powers actually executed after such registry, expressing the sum to be transferred, and in pursuance of such general rules as have been, or shall be prescribed for that purpose. [This act approved by the President, March 27, 1792.]

No. XL.

An ACT establishing a Mint, and regulating the Coins of the United States.

BE it enacted by the SENATE and HOUSE of REPRESENTATIVES of the United States of America in Congress assembled, and it is hereby enacted and declared, That a mint for the purpose of a national coinage, be, and the same is established; to be situate and carried on at the seat of the government of the United States, for the time being: And that for the well conducting

of the business of the said mint, there shall be the following officers and persons, namely—a director, an assayer, a chief coiner, an engraver, a treasurer.

And be it further enacted, That the director of the mint shall employ as many clerks, workmen and servants as he shall from time to time find necessary, subject to the approbation of the President of the United States.

And be it further enacted, That the respective functions and duties of the officers a-bovementioned shall be as follow.—The director of the mint shall have the chief management of the business thereof, and shall superintend all other officers and persons who shall be employed herein. The assayer shall receive and give receipts for all metals which may lawfully be brought to the mint to be coined; shall assay all such of them as may require it, and shall deliver them to the chief coiner to be coined. The chief coiner shall cause to be coined all metals which shall be received by him for that purpose, according to such regulations as shall be prescribed by this or any future law. The engraver shall sink and prepare the necessary dies for such coinage, with the proper devices and inscriptions, but it shall be lawful for the functions and duties of chief coiner and engraver to be performed by one person. The treasurer shall receive from the chief coiner all the coins which shall have been struck, and shall pay or deliver them to the persons respectively to whom the same ought to be paid or delivered: He shall moreover receive and safely keep all monies which shall be for the use, maintenance and support of the mint, and shall disburse the same upon warrants signed by the director.

And be it further enacted, That every officer and clerk of the said mint shall before he enters upon the execution of his office, take an oath or affirmation before some Judge of the United States faithfully and diligently to perform the duties thereof.

And be it further enacted, That the said assayer, chief coiner and treasurer, previously to entering upon the execution of their respective offices, shall each become bound to the United States of America, with one or more sureties, to the satisfaction of the Secretary of the Treasury, in the sum of ten thousand dollars, with condition for the faithful and diligent performance of the duties of his office.

And be it further enacted, That there shall be allowed and paid as compensations for their respective services—To the said director a yearly salary of two thousand dollars, to the said assayer, a yearly salary of one

one thousand five hundred dollars, to the said chief coiner, a yearly salary of one thousand five hundred dollars, to the said engraver, a yearly salary of one thousand two hundred dollars, to the said treasurer, a yearly salary of one thousand two hundred dollars, to each clerk who may be employed, a yearly salary not exceeding five hundred dollars, and to the several subordinate workmen and servants such wages and allowances as are customary and reasonable, according to their respective stations and occupations.

And be it further enacted, That the accounts of the officers and persons employed in and about the said mint and for services performed in relation thereto, and all other accounts concerning the business and administration thereof, shall be adjusted and settled in the Treasury department of the United States, and a quarter yearly account of the receipts and disbursements of the said mint shall be rendered at the said treasury for settlement, according to such forms and regulations as shall have been prescribed by that department; and that once in each year a report of the transactions of the said mint, accompanied by an abstract of the settlements which shall have been from time to time made, duly certified by the Comptroller of the Treasury, shall be laid before Congress for their information.

And be it further enacted, That in addition to the authority vested in the President of the United States by a resolution of the last session, touching the engaging of artists and the procuring of apparatus for the said mint, the President be authorized, and he is hereby authorized, to cause to be provided and put in proper condition such buildings, and in such manner as shall appear to him requisite, for the purpose of carrying on the business of the said mint; and that as well the expenses which shall have been incurred pursuant to the said resolution as those which may be incurred in providing and preparing the said buildings, and all other expenses which may hereafter accrue for the maintenance and support of the said mint, and in carrying on the business thereof, over and above the sums which may be received by reason of the rate per centum for coinage herein after mentioned, shall be defrayed from the Treasury of the United States, out of any monies which from time to time shall be therein, not otherwise appropriated.

And be it further enacted, That there shall be from time to time struck and coined at the said mint, coins of gold, silver and copper, of the following denominations, values and descriptions, viz. *Eagles*—each to be of the value of ten dollars or units, and to contain two hundred and forty seven grains and four eighths of a grain of pure, or two hundred and seventy grains of standard gold. *Half Eagles*—each to be of the value of five dollars, and to contain one hundred and

twenty three grains and six eighths of a grain of pure, or one hundred and thirty five grains of standard gold. *Quarter Eagles*—each to be of the value of two dollars and a half dollar, and to contain sixty one grains and seven eighths of a grain of pure, or sixty seven grains and four eighths of a grain of standard gold. *Dollars or Units*—each to be of the value of a Spanish milled dollar as the same is now current, and to contain three hundred and seventy one grains and four sixteenth parts of a grain of pure, or four hundred and sixteen grains of standard silver. *Half Dollars*—each to be of half the value of the dollar or unit, and to contain one hundred and eighty five grains and ten sixteenth parts of a grain of pure, or two hundred and eight grains of standard silver. *Quarter Dollars*—each to be of one fourth the value of the dollar or unit, and to contain ninety two grains and thirteen sixteenth parts of a grain of pure, or one hundred and four grains of standard silver. *Dimes*—each to be of the value of one tenth of a dollar or unit, and to contain thirty seven grains and two sixteenth parts of a grain of pure, or forty one grains and three fifth parts of a grain of standard silver. *Half Dimes*—each to be of the value of one twentieth of a dollar, and to contain eighteen grains and nine sixteenth parts of a grain of pure, or twenty grains and four fifth parts of a grain of standard silver. *Cents*, each to be of the value of the one hundredth part of a dollar, and to contain eleven pennyweights of copper. *Half Cents*—each to be of the value of half a cent and to contain five pennyweights and half a pennyweight of copper.

And be it further enacted, That upon the said coins respectively there shall be the following devices and legends, namely: Upon one side of each of the said coins there shall be an impression emblematick of liberty, with an inscription of the word Liberty, and the year of the coinage, and upon the reverse of each of the gold and silver coins there shall be the figure or representation of an eagle, with this inscription, "*United States of America*" and upon the reverse of each of the copper coins, there shall be an inscription which shall express the denomination of the piece, namely, cent or half cent, as the case may require.

And be it further enacted, That the proportional value of gold to silver in all coins which shall by law be current as money within the United States, shall be as fifteen to one, according to quantity in weight of pure gold or pure silver; that is to say, every fifteen pounds weight of pure silver shall be of equal value in all payments, with one pound weight of pure gold, and so in proportion as to any greater or less quantities of the respective metals.

(To be continued.)

MINUTES

MINUTES of the PROCEEDINGS of the STATE LEGISLATURE.

COMMONWEALTH of MASSACHUSETTS.

Wednesday, May 30, 1792.

THE Senators and Representatives, for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, assembled at the state house, Boston, and there took the oaths of office, and subscribed the declaration required by the constitution. The Governor and Council for the time being then withdrew from the council chamber, under escort of the independent fusileers, commanded by Capt. Laughton. The Hon. Samuel Phillips, Esq. was chosen president of the Senate, and Samuel Cooper, Esq. clerk. The house of Representatives elected the Hon. David Cobb, Esq. their speaker, and Henry Warren, Esq. clerk. After which, being joined by the Governor and Council, they proceeded to the Old Brick meeting house, where a well adapted sermon, was delivered by the Rev. David Tappan, of Newbury, from the 77th Psalm, 20th verse,—"Thou leddest thy people like a flock by the hands of Moses and Aaron."

Divine service being completed, the company formed again in procession, and proceeded to the seat of his Excellency the Governor, where they partook of a very elegant entertainment. The Fusileers retired to Col. Colman's, and closed the day, in a manner highly becoming. His Excellency provided the repast, which was sumptuous.

At 4 P. M. the two branches again met, and the Senate having examined the returns of the votes for Senators and Counsellors, they informed the house of Representatives, that there were a number of vacancies, by reason of deficiencies in the elections, where upon the two houses met in convention to fill up the vacancies, according to the constitution. The following list, we presume, is accurate.

His Excellency *John Hancock*, Esq. Governor.

Hon. *Samuel Adams*, Esq. Lieut. Governor.

Gouverneur's Council.

Hon. *Samuel Holton*, *Moses Gill*, *Azor Orne*, *Thomas Durfee*, *Eleazer Brooks*, *Edward Cutts*, *Oliver Wendell*, *William Shepard* and *James Warren*, Esquires.

THE SENATE.

SUFFOLK.—Hon. *Stephen Metcalf*, *Thomas Dawes*, *William Heath*, *Benjamin Austin*, jun. *Ebenezer Thayer*, jun. Esq.

ESSEX.—*Stephen Choate*, *Samuel Phillips*, *Theophilus Bradbury*, *Peter Coffin*, Esqrs.

MIDDLESEX.—*Ebenezer Bridge*, *Joseph Hofner*, *Joseph B. Varnum*, *Samuel Dexter*, jun. Esquires.

HAMPSHIRE.—Hon. *John Hastings*,

Samuel Lyman, *Samuel Fowler*, *Simeon Strong*, Esquires.

PLYMOUTH.—Hon. *Daniel Howard*, *Isaac Thompson*, *Josiah Smith*, Esquires.

BARNSTABLE.—Hon. *Solomon Freeman*, Esquire.

BRISTOL.—Hon. *Elisha May*, Esquire.

DUKE'S COUNTY & NANTUCKET.—Hon. *Peleg Coffin*, jun. Esquire.

WORCESTER.—Hon. *Samuel Baker*, *Jonathan Warner*, *Abel Wilder*, *Timothy Newel*, Esquires.

BERKSHIRE.—Hon. *Elijah Dwight*, *Thompson J. Skinner*, Esquires.

YORK.—Hon. *Simeon Frye*, Esquire.

CUMBERLAND.—Hon. *Peleg Wadsworth*, Esquire.

Counties of **LINCOLN**, **HANCOCK** and **WASHINGTON**.

Hon. *Daniel Coney*, Esq.

LIST of REPRESENTATIVES.

County of SUFFOLK.

Boston, *William Tudor*, *Samuel Breck*, *Jonathan Mafon*, *Charles Jarvis*, *John C. Jones*, *William Eustis*, *Joseph Blake*, and *Thomas Edwards*, Esquires. *Roxbury*, *John Read*, Esq. *Dorchester*, *Benjamin Hichborn*, Esq. *Mr. John How*. *Milton*, *E. H. Robbins*, Esq. *Weymouth*, *N. Bayley*, Esq. *Hingham*, *Col. Charles Cushing*. *Cohasset*, *Thomas Lathrop*, Esq. *Dedham*, *Nathaniel Ames*, Esq. *Mr. Nathaniel Kingsbury*. *Brookline*, *Mr. John Goddard*. *Medfield and Dover*, *Mr. O. Ellis*. *Stoughton*, *Col. Frederick Pope*. *Medway*, *Mr. Moses Richardson*, jun. *Walpole*, *Seth Bullard*, Esq. *Wrentham*, *Mr. Nathan Comstock*. *Franklin*, *Mr. Hezekiah Fisher*. *Bellingham*, *Mr. Aaron Holbrook*. *Foxborough*, *Mr. John Everett*. *Chelsea*, *Capt. John Sale*, jun. *Sharon*, *Mr. Joseph Hewins*.

County of ESSEX.

Salem, *Samuel Ward*, *Ebenezer Bickford*, *John Saunders*, jun. *John Fisk*, and *John Hathorn*, Esqrs. *Newburyport*, *Mr. E. Titcomb*, jun. *Stephen Cross*, Esq. *Mr. John Mycall*. *Newbury*, *Mr. Nathaniel Emery*, and *Mr. Silas Little*. *Ipswich*, *John Manning*, Esq. *Mr. John Heard*, *Jonathan Cogswell*, and *Elisha Whitney*, Esqrs. *Andover*, *Joshua Holt*, Esq. *Bradford*, *Peter Russell*, Esq. *Beverly*, *Larkin Thorndike*, Esq. *Mr. Joseph Woods*, and *Mr. John Cabot*. *Danvers*, *Israel Hutchison*, Esq. *Marblehead*, *Samuel Sewall*, *William R. Lee*, and *Marlon Watson*, Esqrs. *Gloucester*, *Capt. William Pearson*. *Haverhill*, *Capt. Francis Carr*. *Lynn and Lynnfield*, *Ezra Collins*, Esq. *Rowley*, *Capt. Thomas Mighill*. *Salisbury*, Maj.

Maj. Joseph Page. Amesbury, Mr. Joseph Wingate. Boxford, Thomas Perley, jun. Esq. Methuen, Capt. John Davis. Wenham, Maj. Billy Porter. Topsfield, Mr. Sylvanus Wildes.

County of MIDDLESEX.

Charlestown, Richard Devens, Esq. Cambridge, S. Dana, Esq. Watertown, A. Bond, Esq. Waltham, Mr. Abner Sanderfon. Westford, Zacheus Wright, Esq. Willington, Col. W. Blanchard. Weston, Mr. Amos Bigelow. Sudbury, William Rice, Esq. Marlboro' Col. Edward Barnes. Newtown, Dr. J. King. Framingham, Jonathan Maynard, Esq. Malden, Capt. Isaac Smith. Medford, Capt. Ebenezer Hall. Woburn, Samuel Thomson, Esq. Lexington, Mr. Joseph Simons. Concord, Mr. Jonathan Fay. Reading, Mr. Benjamin Upton. Billerica, Edward Farmer, Esq. Chelmsford, Maj. John Minot. Sherburne, Daniel Whitney, Esq. Stow and Boxborough, Mr. Charles Whitman. Tewksbury, Mr. Mitchell Davis. Groton, Maj. A. Brown. Littleton, Sampson Tuttle, Esq. Acton and Carlisle, Mr. Jonas Brooks. Pepperell, J. Heald, Esq. Townsend, Mr. Jonathan Wallis. Dracut, Parker Varnum, Esq. Lincoln, Mr. Samuel Hoar.

County of HAMPSHIRE.

Westspringfield, Justin Ely, Esq. Hadley, Capt. Charles Phelps. Pelham, Mr. Adam Clark. Warwick and Orange, John Goldsborough, Esq. Northampton and Easthampton, Samuel Henshaw, Esq. Shelburne, Capt. Benjamin Nash. Amherst, Capt. Moses Cook, jun. Hatfield, Mr. Benjamin Smith. Deerfield, Mr. Jonathan Hoyt. Newfalem, Capt. Ezekiel Kellogg, jun. Palmer, David Shaw, Esq. Northfield, Mr. Obediah Dickinson. Colrain, Hugh McLellan, Esq. Greenfield, David Smead, Esq. Barnardstown and Leyden, Mr. Hezekiah Newcomb. Worthington, Nahum Eager, Esq. Brimfield, Joseph Browning, Esq. Williamsburch, William Bodman, Esq. Blanford, Mr. Reuben Boies Wilbraham, John Bliss, Esq. Westfield, William Shepard, Esq. Conway, William Billings, Esq. Sunderland, Mr. Giles Hubbard. Ashfield, Mr. Ephraim Williams. Monson, Col. Reuben Munn. Belcherton, Mr. Park Holland. Charlemont, Mr. Abraham Wilder. Greenwich, Mr. James Fisk. Longmeadow, Mr. James Cotton.

County of PLYMOUTH.

Plymouth, John Davis Esq. Kingston, Ebenezer Washburne, Esq. Marshfield, Capt. Joseph Bryant. Scituate, Capt. Elijah Turner, Mr. Hayward Price. Pembroke, Capt. John Turner. Bridgewater, Beza Howard, Esq. Middleborough, James Sprout, Esq. Hanover, Mr. Melzer Curtis. Plympton, Mr. Gideon Bradford, jun. Carver, Francis Shurtliff, Esq. Rochester, Col. Ebenezer White. Abington, Capt. Luke Bicknell. Wareham, David Nye, Esq. Halifax, Ebenezer Thomson, Esq. Duxborough, Gamaliel Bradford, Esq.

County of BRISTOL.

Norton, Seth Smith, jun. Esq. Taunton, Hon. David Cobb, (Szekay.) Rehoboth, Hon. Phanael Bishop, Esq. Attleboro', Major Ebenezer Tyler. Swansey, Christopher Mason, Esq. Somerset, Jerathmeel Bowers, Esq. Freetown, Mr. Ephraim Winslow. Dighton, Mr. Thomas S. Baylies. Easton, Col. Abiel Mitchell. Raynham, Josiah Dean, Esq. Berkley, Samuel Toby, Esq. Dartmouth, Hon. Holder Slocum, Esq. Westport, Mr. William Almy.

County of BARNSTABLE.

Barnstable, Capt. Samuel Smith. Harwich, Mr. Kimbal Clark, Joseph Snow, Esq. Chatham, Mr. Richard Sears. Wellfleet, Samuel Waterman, Esq. Yarmouth, David Thacher, Esq. Easton, Elijah Knowles, Esq. Falmouth, Capt. D. Nye.

County of NANTUCKET.

Sherburne, Mr. Micajah Coffin.

County of DUKESCOUNTY.

Edgarton, William Jernigan, Esq. Chilmark, Benjamin Bassett, Esq.

County of WORCESTER.

Worcester, Col. Samuel Flagg. Leicester, Col. Thomas Denny. Lancaster, Capt. Ephraim Carter, jun. Leominster, Capt. Timothy Boutel. Brookfield, Dwight Foster, Esq. Western, Danford Keyes, Esq. Sutton, Solomon Leland, Esq. Grafton, Col. Luke Drury. Charlton, Salem Towne, Esq. Princeton, Hon. Moses Gill, Esq. Upton, Col. Ezra Wood. Boylston, Mr. Jonas Temple. Templeton, Capt. Joel Fletcher. Mendon, Benjamin Read, Esq. Sturbridge, Mr. Josiah Walker. Southborough, Elijah Brigham, Esq. Northborough, Mr. Isaac Davis. Milford, Major Samuel Jones. Oakham, Capt. Joseph Chaddock. Ashburnham, Mr. Jacob Willard. Petersham, Daniel Bigelow, Esq. Barre, Capt. John Black. Hardwick, Martin Kinsley, Esq. Sterling, Col. Edward Raymond. Rutland, William Caldwell, Esq. Spencer, Mr. James Hathaway. Royalton, Mr. Oliver Work. Holden, Mr. John Dodds. Lunenburg, Josiah Stearns, Esq. Fitchburgh, Mr. Daniel Putnam. Shrewsbury, Major Jonas Howe. Dudley, Capt. John Chamberlain. Athol, Mr. Josiah Goddard. Oxford, Capt. Jeremiah Learnerd. Hubbardston, William Marean, Esq. Newbraintree, Benjamin Joslyn, Esq. Douglass, Mr. Aaron Marsh.

County of BERKSHIRE.

Adams, Israel Jones, Esq. Sandisfield, John Picket, jun. Esq. Windsor, Mr. Joshua Bealls. Puttidgefield, Ebenezer Peirce, Esq. Newmarborough, Obadiah Ward, Esq. Stockbridge, Hon. Timothy Edwards. Hancock, Capt. Simeon Martin. Pittsfield, Capt. Daniel Hubbard. Timothy Childs, Esq. and Caleb Hyde, Esq. Williamston, Major William Young. Becket, N. Kinsley, Esq. Richmond, N. Fisher,

Fisher, Esq. West Stockbridge, Thomas Lusk, Esq. Sheffield and Washington, Mr. John Hubbard.

County of YORK.

York, Capt. Joseph Tucker. Arundel, Capt. Jacob Wilds. Berwick, Ichabod Goodwin, Esq. Wells, John Storer, Esq. Pepperelborough, Dr. Josiah Fairfield. Kittery, Mr. Mark Adams. Buxton, Mr. John Woodman. Lebanon, Mr. Thomas M. Wentworth.

County of CUMBERLAND.

Harpwell, Isaac Snow, Esq. Newgloucester, William Wedgery, Esq. Northyarmouth, Mr. William Martin. Portland, Mr. John Fox, and Daniel Davis, Esq. Scarborough, William Thompson, Esq. Gorham, Hon. I. Thacher, Esq. Cape Elizabeth, Mr. Barzillai Delano. Brunswick,

Capt. John Peterson. Freeport, John Cushing, Esq.

County of LINCOLN.

Pownalborough, John Gardiner, and David Sylvester, Esqs. Vassalborough, Mr. Charles Webber. Winthrop, and Redfield, Robert Page, Esq. Cushing, John M'Killes, Esq. Georgetown, Mr. Jordan Parker. Newcastle, Major John Farley. Topsham, Hon. Samuel Thompson, Esq. Booth Bay, William M'Cobb, Esq. Thomaston, Mr. Samuel Brown. Bath, Francis Wenter, Esq.

County of HANCOCK.

Goldbury, Mr. Eli Fobes.

County of WASHINGTON.

Machias, Mr. Phineas Bruce.

(To be continued.)

ABSTRACT of the PROCEEDINGS of CONGRESS.

[Continued from page 337.]

LEGISLATURE of the UNION, THIRDSSESSION.

Monday, March 5. 1792.

MR. Speaker laid before the House a letter from the secretary of State, enclosing certain acts of the government, N. W. of the Ohio.

A bill for finishing the light house on Baldhead at the mouth of Cape Fear river, Northcarolina, was read and referred to a committee of the whole.

Report, was made, on the petition of the officers of the levies, late in the service of the United States.

Mr. Secretary Otis informed, that the Senate had passed the bill for the relief of certain widows, orphans and invalids, with amendments, in which they requested the concurrence of the house.

A conference, was desired by the Senate, who insisted on all their amendments to the bill, to ascertain and regulate the claim to half pay and invalid pensions.

The House accordingly appointed three members.

Mr. Secretary Lear delivered in the translation of a letter from the King of France, announcing to the United States of America, his acceptance of the Constitution.

The President, notified that he had this day approved an act to make further and more effectual provision for the protection of the Frontiers of the United States.

The house took up for consideration the amendments proposed by the whole, to the militia bill; adopted some, agreed to others, and ordered the bill to be engrossed for a third reading.

Tuesday, March 6.

Sundry petitions were read and referred to the heads of departments.

A representation from the Legislature of Northcarolina, was read, respecting certain lands ceded to the Indians in the Territory south west of the Ohio.

Mr. Parker laid the following resolution on the table. Resolved, that the Secretary of the Treasury, be directed to report what money, if any, now remains in the Treasury, of appropriations, previous to the year 1791, distinguishing what sums remain of the respective appropriations.

Mr. Williamson laid the following motion on the table, that a committee be appointed to report a bill to amend the import law, so far as to permit the landing of salt at certain ware houses belonging to the fisheries—and to provide for the allowance of a drawback on the salt used on exported provisions.

The militia bill was brought in, engrossed and read the third time.

Mr. Vining then moved, that the bill should be recommitted. This motion after debate was negatived; 28 to 27. The house then proceeded to fill up the blanks, which being completed, the ayes and noes were called, on passing the bill, and were 31 affirmative, 17 negative.

Mr. Gerry reported a bill for reducing the rates of postage on newspapers—this bill proposes a reduction of the postage to one half the rates in the post office law.

A report was read from the Secretary of the Treasury, respecting the difficulties which have occurred in the execution of the excise law.

Wednesday, March 7.

Mr. Page reported a bill, to enable John Churchman, to prosecute certain observations for the discovery of the variation of the